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JAMAICA, 1881.

ENAMEL:

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the  
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THIRD EDITION.  
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE,  
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)  
FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES OF  
WURTHENBERG.

STRASBOURG, October 9.—The funeral of the late King Charles took place this morning with the simplicity prescribed in the directions left by the late monarch. At 8 o'clock, a company of the Grenadier Regiment bearing the deceased Sovereign's name proceeded with a band and colours to the royal castle in order to mount guard before the main entrance, above which, in the so-called Marble Room, the late King's remains had been lying in state, in a catafalque surrounded by a baldachin of black velvet embroidered with silver. The coffin had a red velvet covering with gold borders. At its head, on a canopy, were deposited a royal crown, sceptre, and sword, resting on a cushion covered in gold brocade, the insignia of the departed King's orders. At 10 o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the obsequies, a mournful service was held before the catafalque, which was attended by the members of the royal family, the Court dignitaries, the diplomatic body, the members of the Cabinet, and the Privy Council, the generals of the Army, the municipal authorities, deputations from the clergy of all denominations, and other specially invited personages. At the close of the service, the remains were lifted off the catafalque by sixteen attendants and placed on the funeral car. The cortège at once started, amid the tolling of all the church bells, which continued until the arrival of the procession at the castle chapel. The King, the Emperor, and the princes of the royal house, as well as Queen Charlotte, the new King's consort, and the royal princesses, who had awaited the procession in the chapel, took their seats on the left of the coffin, the Ministers, the members of the diplomatic body, and other personages being conducted to the seats reserved for them. During the whole ceremony, which lasted an hour, all the church bells were tolled, and business was entirely suspended. The weather was very fine, and from early morning the streets were crowded with citizens wishing to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed Sovereign.

DISTURBANCES AT RIO DE  
JANEIRO.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS.  
RIO DE JANEIRO, October 9, 11 p.m.—Serious disturbances have broken out in this city owing to a conflict between the police and a few spectators during the performance at the theatre on the 6th inst. The action of the authorities aroused great indignation on the part of the people, who showed their resentment by creating disturbances and attacking the police. The latter, proving incapable of preserving order, were withdrawn, and the city is now patrolled by troops. Desultory fighting in the streets is proceeding at the present time.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

MADRID, October 10.—A collision between two trains occurred yesterday evening near Leon, the capital of the province of the same name. Beyond the fact that there has been no loss of life, no details have yet been received.

(DALZIEL'S TELEGRAM.)

POISONED BY LAUDANUM.  
A CORONER'S "CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS."  
NEW YORK, October 9.—The wheel of a goods train on the New York and Lake Erie Railway broke beyond Ridgewood, New Jersey, this morning, and several cars were thrown off the line. At almost the same instant a special train containing a large number of employees of the Erie Railway came along and ran into the wreckage. The engine of the special was destroyed and the stokers killed. The engine-driver and stoker of the goods train were slightly injured.

(DALZIEL'S TELEGRAM.)

BOUTIN IN FRANCE.  
BOOKMAKERS WARNED.  
PARIS, October 9.—An alarming railway collision occurred to-day on the Paris-Lyons line. A local train was being made up at Bruxelles, when a goods train ran into it with great violence. Ten persons were injured, though not seriously.

Last night a passenger train left the rails between Milan and Pavia, seventeen carriages being overturned. A guard was killed and several passengers injured, although for the most part only slightly.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

BOUTIN IN FRANCE.  
BOOKMAKERS WARNED.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, October 9.—The bookmakers here have received notices to discontinue their betting transactions, and have been warned that, after the expiration of one week from this date, the law passed by the Chambers last June will be enforced against any persons disregarding the present order.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

Brussels, October 9.—The Prince of Naples arrived here at half-past 10 last night from Rotterdam. General Nicaise, in the name of the king, greeted his royal highness, who was also received at the railway station by the Italian Minister, the members of the staff of the legation, and the principal Italian residents in Brussels. Royal carriages were in waiting to convey the prince to his hotel.

OSTEND, October 8.—The Prince of Naples arrived here at noon to-day, and was most cordially welcomed at the railway station by the King of the Belgians. The prince, accompanied by his Majesty and General Nicaise, immediately proceeded to the royal villa, where a luncheon of twenty covers was served at 1.00 o'clock.

THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.

BERLIN, October 8.—A telegram from Zanzibar, published by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, states that Lieutenant Prince, the officer of the German colonial force who recently started on a reconnaissance against the Wahees, has returned without having effected his object. The same despatch reports that the Belgian Captain Jacques has a true bill for misdeemour was returned on Friday by the grand jury of Salford sessions in the case of Sydney Kersten, coal merchant, who is charged with offering a bribe to Mr. Showbridge, the manager of the Salford Gas Works. An order has been obtained for the trial of the case at the Central Criminal Court.

A Reuter's telegram from Brisbane reports that the premises of Messrs. Alfred Shaw and Company, ironmongers, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday. The damages, which are estimated at £40,000, are mainly covered

by insurance. The Lord Chamberlain has stopped the singing, in its present state, of Mr. Arthur Roberts's song on "Randy Pandy" in the Gaiety burlesque.

# The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1891.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 522

ALLEGED CHILD MURDER AT BRIGHTON.

At Brighton, on Friday, Herbert Green was charged, on his own confession, with the murder of his child, aged 5 years, by administering poison and immersing her in the sea. Another child of the prisoner, aged 7, was examined, and stated that her father took her to the beach and there poured some "brown stuff" from a bottle into their pails, and told them to drink it. When she tasted it, she said it was poison and spat it out, but her sister, she believed, drank what was given her. The prisoner then took the deceased into the water, but witness did not see her father immerse her sister. The prisoner was remanded.

THE NEW FOREIGN UNDER-SECRETARY.

Mr. Lowther, the new Parliamentary Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a son of the Hon. William Lowther, a brother of the third Earl of Lonsdale, and as he was born in 1853 the new under-secretary is quite a young man. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar in 1875, entering the House as member for Rutland, which constituency he represented from 1882 to 1885. In that year, however, he was defeated at Penrith, but the Mid-division of Cumbria was proved true to a

WENT TO A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

and had refreshments. Witness went on to speak of several other meetings—always near the Marie-Arcade and of the introduction finally of an Italian gentleman. Mr. Shell: How did you know he was an Italian?—Witness: Because he looked like one.—Mr. Shell: Did he tell you he was?—Witness: No, but I found it out afterwards. We told the Italian—that is, Edginton and I—that we wanted to go to Brighton for a day or two. Prisoner, through the Italian, spoke English, and motioned for a light to his cigarette. Two or three nights afterwards we met the prisoner again in the park and introduced "his friend" Edginton to him. Prisoner had an interpreter with him, and all four

ALLEGED INSULT TO MR. DILLON.

On Friday evening Mr. John Dillon, passing through Sackville-street, Dublin, was greeted by a rough-looking man, apparently under the influence of drink, with cries of "Ah you murderer." He had not gone twenty yards further when three other men of the same class, who also seemed under the influence of drink, said "There's Dillon, ah! You murderer." Mr. Dillon communicated the occurrence to the *Freeman's Journal*, and it is suggested that the language is the result of secret meetings which it is rumoured are being held. None of the members of the Irish party opposed to Mr. Parnell will attend the funeral. The journal says: "It is the acutest pain to John Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and the others that they are forced to remain away." The funeral will be a most imposing display. Special trains will bring representative politicians and members of local bodies from all parts of the country to Dublin. The city is extensively placarded with posters describing the order of the procession from the hall in Glasnevin. The Lord Mayor and members of the Dublin corporation will attend in state. The provincial corporations, English deputations, the Parnell leadership committee, the Protestant Home Rule Association, the National League, the Gaelic Athletic Association, and the National Club have distinct places assigned; not to speak of the host of trades which will be represented. Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary followers will walk beside the bier. Mr. James Stephens, the former head centre, and Mr. John O'Leary have been assigned places. The *Freeman's Journal*, under the heading: "The Reign of Terror," says that should any personal violence break out, the Irish people will hold responsible those writers in United Ireland who allowed their passions to master their pens.

SHOCKING SUICIDE OF A SERVANT GIRL.

Dr. R. Macdonald, M.P., the coroner for North-east London, held an inquiry at the Union Infirmary, Homerton, into the death of Eleanor Sheppard, aged 19, a domestic servant, lately residing at 4, Manor-place, Amherst-road, Hackney—Harriett Sheppard, residing at 4, Park Grove, West Ham, deposed that the deceased was her sister. She last saw her alive on the 3rd inst., when she seemed to be depressed. She said she was unhappy in her place, and that her mistress was unkind to her. She had never heard the deceased threaten to commit suicide. Miss Annie Clegg, residing at 4, Manor-place, Amherst-road, Hackney, the deceased general servant for nearly two years. On Tuesday morning last the deceased was doing some washing; she appeared confused, and was very peculiar in her manner. By the Coroner: Witness had missed a quantity of things lately, and suspected the deceased of having stolen them, but she had not accused her of having done so. She had communicated with the police on the subject. Between 12 and 1 on the day in question witness intimated to the deceased that her bed-room had been taken and the other youth to the dress circle of a theatre. Afterwards, when near midnight, they walked again in the park and met the Italian, who had not accompanied them to the theatre. The whole party then proceeded to a house in Thayer-street.—Counsel: And did you boys have wine there?—Witness: Yes, I had five or six glasses of port and Edginton about the same. It was rather strong, and got into our heads. The Italian then went away.—Mr. Shell: What occurred then?—Witness: I told Edginton I felt sleepy and must go to bed. Edginton was in a chair, very drowsy.—Further evidence having been given (which does not permit of publication) witness said that in the morning when she was still in bed, she was called by the Italian and said "It's me (meaning the prisoner) Prince George of Greece?"—Mr. Shell: Let the card be shown to the witness.—Witness: Yes, that is the one.—Counsel: Then what happened?—Witness: I told Edginton the name on the card, and he wanted to look at it, but the Italian gave it back to the prisoner, and he would not let Edginton see what was on it.—Counsel: Did the Italian say anything about the card?—Witness: No; but I told the Italian and said "It's me (meaning the prisoner) Prince George of Greece?"—Mr. Shell: What did the Italian say to that?—Witness: He only laughed, and said something in French to the prisoner. He did not answer my question.—In answer to further questions, witness said that it was the course of further conversation prisoner said it was

TOO LATE TO GO TO BRIGHTON.

Van Delta paid for the dinner, and took him and the other youth to the dress circle of a theatre. Afterwards, when near midnight, they walked again in the park and met the Italian, who had not accompanied them to the theatre. The whole party then proceeded to a house in Thayer-street.—Counsel: And did you boys have wine there?—Witness: Yes, I had five or six glasses of port and Edginton about the same. It was rather strong, and got into our heads. The Italian then went away.—Mr. Shell: What occurred then?—Witness: I told Edginton I felt sleepy and must go to bed. Edginton was in a chair, very drowsy.—Further evidence having been given (which does not permit of publication) witness said that in the morning when she was still in bed, she was called by the Italian and said "It's me (meaning the prisoner) Prince George of Greece?"—Mr. Shell: Let the card be shown to the witness.—Witness: Yes, that is the one.—Counsel: Then what happened?—Witness: I told Edginton the name on the card, and he wanted to look at it, but the Italian gave it back to the prisoner, and he would not let Edginton see what was on it.—Counsel: Did the Italian say anything about the card?—Witness: No; but I told the Italian and said "It's me (meaning the prisoner) Prince George of Greece?"—Mr. Shell: What did the Italian say to that?—Witness: He only laughed, and said something in French to the prisoner. He did not answer my question.—In answer to further questions, witness said that it was the course of further conversation prisoner said it was

POISONED BY LAUDANUM.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

The selection of Glasnevin Cemetery for the interment of Mr. Parnell's remains has excited some surprise, and the resolve to have a public funeral, however great the honour intended, and the choice of a Roman Catholic burial ground instead of the family vault, are regarded with dissatisfaction by the family. Mr. J. Macdermott, who is brother-in-law of the deceased, and solicitor to the family, has protested strongly against it, and if legally empowered would probably have taken steps to prevent it. He sent the following telegram to Mrs. Parnell:—"Charles's father buried in family vault Mount Jerome, the Dublin Protestant cemetery where Charles should be buried also. It is proposed to bury him in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Glasnevin. If I may insist on Mount Jerome, I will do so."—Mr. Parnell wired the following reply:—"Dermott." To this the following reply was received:—"Many thanks. All arrangements all made.—PARNELL." Mr. Macdermott was not satisfied with this, and sent the following message to Mr. Mahony, M.P.:—"Funeral should be in Parnell family vault, Mount Jerome, where his father is interred. If not buried there, family will have remains removed there as soon as possible. I now say Harrington, who won't consent. I appeal to you confidently to support me." To this Mr. Mahony wired the following answer:—"Mrs. Parnell considers strong wish of people should prevail.—M. PARNELL." Mrs. Parnell is so prostrated by her bereavement that it is believed she was not in a frame of mind to deal with such a question. The only relative of her husband who is with her is his sister, Mrs. Dickson. On Mr. Macdermott protesting to Mr. Harrington, that gentleman replied that "Mr. Parnell belonged to the Irish nation, & that the people should be allowed to choose his burial place. He declined to alter the arrangements. The funeral will accordingly be a public one, and the programme carried out at 1.00 o'clock.

THE PLACE OF BURIAL—PROTEST BY THE HEIR.

THREAT OF REMOVE THE COFFIN.

Our Dublin correspondent telegraphs:—"The selection of Glasnevin Cemetery for the interment of Mr. Parnell's remains has excited some surprise, and the resolve to have a public funeral, however great the honour intended, and the choice of a Roman Catholic burial ground instead of the family vault, are regarded with dissatisfaction by the family. Mr. J. Macdermott, who is brother-in-law of the deceased, and solicitor to the family, has protested strongly against it, and if legally empowered would probably have taken steps to prevent it. He sent the following telegram to Mrs. Parnell:—"Charles's father buried in family vault Mount Jerome, the Dublin Protestant cemetery where Charles should be buried also. It is proposed to bury him in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Glasnevin. If I may insist on Mount Jerome, I will do so."—Mr. Parnell wired the following reply:—"Dermott." To this the following reply was received:—"Many thanks. All arrangements all made.—PARNELL." Mr. Macdermott was not satisfied with this, and sent the following message to Mr. Mahony, M.P.:—"Funeral should be in Parnell family vault, Mount Jerome, where his father is interred. If not buried there, family will have remains removed there as soon as possible. I now say Harrington, who won't consent. I appeal to you confidently to support me." To this Mr. Mahony wired the following answer:—"Mrs. Parnell considers strong wish of people should prevail.—M. PARNELL." Mrs. Parnell is so prostrated by her bereavement that it is believed she was not in a frame of mind to deal with such a question. The only relative of her husband who is with her is his sister, Mrs. Dickson. On Mr. Macdermott protesting to Mr. Harrington, that gentleman replied that "Mr. Parnell belonged to the Irish nation, & that the people should be allowed to choose his burial place. He declined to alter the arrangements. The funeral will accordingly be a public one, and the programme carried out at 1.00 o'clock.

THE SALFORD GAS SCANDAL.

A true bill for misdeemour was returned on Friday by the grand jury of Salford sessions in the case of Sydney Kersten, coal merchant, who is charged with offering a bribe to Mr. Showbridge, the manager of the Salford Gas Works. An order has been obtained for the trial of the case at the Central Criminal Court.

HE WOULD DELIVER THE BOY UP.

If an appointment was kept at Waterloo-place. From what I subsequently learned from my son I went to Charing Cross Station and there saw prisoner and another man. I asked them what they wanted. The interpreter asked me if my son was at home, and he said, "I am not at home." I then gave the prisoner into custody. Additional evidence was given by hand ladies who

had been to the scene of the crime.

THE ALHAMBRA SHOOTING CASE.

Louis Albert Benzon, the Frenchman, who is charged at Marlborough-street Police Court with having attempted to murder Marie Claeys, by firing at her, while they were upon the gallery stairs of the Alhambra Music Hall, was again brought up on Friday. The marksmanship of "Jules," for whose attendance Phillips had engaged him, was again brought up on Friday. The hearing was adjourned last week, and for whose arrest a warrant was issued the having failed to attend when summoned as a witness, he was still not to be found. Inspector M'Kenna said that the man had fled the country. Mr. Newton, in accordance with the determination he expressed last week to continue to adjourn the hearing until Jules attended, again remanded Benzon.

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let furnished apartments in Thayer-street, Manchester-square, and Cambridge-street, Pimlico, to the prisoner. The women said the woman who had given evidence visited Van Delta there, and at Thayer-street, prisoner was much in the company of Mr. Naso, an independent Italian gentleman, who had now gone.—Mr. Shell intimated that he should commit the prisoner for trial

THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Mr. Lowther, the new Parliamentary Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a son of the Hon. William Lowther, a brother of the third Earl of Lonsdale, and as he was born in 1853 the new under-secretary is quite a young man. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar in 1875, entering the House as member for Rutland, which constituency he represented from 1882 to 1885. In that year, however, he was defeated at Penrith, but the Mid-division of Cumbria was proved true to a

YOUNG LADY MISSING AT EASTBOURNE.

Miss Ellen Harding, daughter of Mr. John Harding, a well-known member of the Eastbourne Corporation, has been missing since Sunday. She was last seen in Eastbourne Church, but all trace of her has been lost from the time of the conclusion of the service. Inquiries in all directions by the anxious parents and friends and police have been in vain, and up to Friday evening the disappearance remained a mystery. When she disappeared Miss Harding was wearing a dark green silk dress and dark jacket and hat. No motive can be assigned by the parents for her absence.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)  
NORTH COUNTRY  
SKETCHES.  
BY  
P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

**A GENTLEMAN OF THE SOD.** If one mentions cock-fighting to a member of the present very humane generation the chances are a hundred to one in favour of the remark evoking exclamations about "the barbarous sport," "that cruel amusement," or "the horrible pitman's diversion." You could hardly gather from their words or gestures of abhorrence that so late as the first quarter of the century that still has a few years to run cock-fighting was a fashionable amusement with peer and parson, as well as those of lower degree. It was just about the same year as that wherein Waterloo was fought that the celebrated main took place at Newcastle, after the races, at which something like 1,000 cocks were killed. Up to within very recent times, indeed, the sport was followed very closely and without any elaborate concealment by some of the looser kind of country clergymen. I remember, when a very small boy, how gladly I used to welcome the appearance of a little old man, who invariably arrived very late at church, carrying a bag that he was careful to put at the bottom of the seat ere he settled himself in his pew. No sooner did this aged worshipper come in than suddenly the clergyman, languid as he might have been before, began to quite fly through the service. "We're but at 'thirdly' in the sermon," finally my brethren," was the next sentence, and ere we quite knew where we were all the rest of the service was gone through and the people were making to the door. To us youngsters that man and his bag formed a mystery, and was the subject of much speculation. Did the owner carry his dinner in it, or an extra suit of clothes, or was it full of Bibles and tracts? But one day the secret came out quite unexpectedly. "Let your light so shine" was just beginning when a sonorous cock-a-doodle-doo burst out from the pew. The parson paused and blushed, for the first time in his life I fancy; a sly smile curled on the lips of more than one elderly rustic; some of the women flushed and looked indignant; and the bag's proprietor snatched it up and made for the door, not, however, before we all had a glimpse of a cock's head protruding from the mouth. The parson paused and blushed, for he could obtain good fighting fowls, the old man, who lived some six miles away, put in an appearance at church, and the priest enjoyed a set-to between the services. A scandal arose about it at the time, and though it was hushed up the bag was never brought into church again.

Until a few months ago, when he died at the remarkable age of 94, there was an old pedagogue living in one of our border villages who remembered the time when cock-fighting was a regular institution in the schools of the north of England and on the other side of the border. Instead of the ordinary lessons on Shrove Tuesday, or Easter's E'en, as it was called in Scotland, the boys brought gamecocks and the day was devoted to fighting them. The masters derived several perquisites from this. They had twopence for every cock introduced to school, and by immemorial usage also claimed the "fugies," i.e., those that fled from the encounter, and also the birds that were killed. In estimating a teacher's salary it was calculated that the cock-fighting dues amounted to about a quarter's fee for each boy. How would the dominies of our time like to exchange payment by results for this droll old style of remuneration? But it was only one of many similar customs. The same patriarch used to tell me that, when he began to teach his own fuel and that of the school, was provided in this way—Each pupil at the beginning of the cold weather was required to bring a square of peat, which before lesson began he flung on the master's stack, and the contributions thus levied kept the fire going all winter. It is easy to prove the fact about the school cock-fighting from old accounts, as, for example, an entry in the bill of Sir James Macintosh at Fosters School in 1776-77:—"To cock-fight dues for two years, 2s 6d. each." But in those days every taverne of any note had its cock-pit, nearly every sportsman had his fancy breed, and enthusiastic writers, such as Mr. William Mackie, expressed a hope that "village may be engaged against village, city against city, and kingdom against kingdom." In a Cumbrian grammar school the boys whose cocks were victorious had presented to them prize-books with inscriptions suitable to the occasion.

In the great mains all the spectators who stood round the cock-pit knew the reputation of every "gentleman of the sod," who entered birds, and made their bets according to the fancy they had of the strain he affected. And sometimes a humorous owner would take advantage of this to play a practical joke upon them, as is exemplified in the famous trick once played by Sir Thomas Dernon. Wishing to have some fun with the cockers in the great pit that used to be in Shore-lane, he made his men take a common dunghill cock and neatly trim and prepare it for the battle. This, and a hundred pounds to speculate with, he received. Giving his rooster to another man, he laid into the ring himself and laid his money against it. When the cock was thrown in and fought in Sir James's name, bets were, as a matter of course, eagerly laid on it. But after three or four good brushes the dunghill cock thought he had had enough of it, and showed a pair of clean heels. Every body was surprised to see a cock belonging to Sir Thomas turn craven, and the servant came off with his hundred pounds doubled. Occasionally, however, bets were all upset, even where everything was fair and aboveboard. So much in breeding was required to get the birds right, both in pluck and feather, that the process being carried too far, a brood from which great things were expected proved quite useless in the pit. Their constitutions became undermined, and they dropped like knips.

The art of breeding gamecocks was, in fact, one of the most difficult imaginable. He who aspired to be a "gentleman of the sod" first of all selected his brood. He had a choice of colour, ranging over black-reds, dark greys, spangles, gingers, red duns, smoky duns, and many others. Next

he had to place them on suitable runs, on gravel soil, if possible. There were two classes of men upon whom the result largely depended. It was the business of the feeder to choose out the "stags" and pullets for mating, an unfought cock usually being selected to breed from, as in an encounter it was not unusual for injuries to be inflicted that, although unnoticed at the time, told on the progeny. To prepare the cockerels for the pit entailed as much care and trouble as the training of a prize-fighter. Physic was first given to clear away any superfluous fat, then their wings and tails were trimmed, their spurs were cut off, and they were taught to spar with little boxing-gloves on their legs. Meanwhile, their food was the most strengthening procurable, and to test whether the clutch was really "undeniable of the sort," one or two were selected for trial fight. Expert cockers judged from such encounters how the rest of the brood would turn out, for it was not deemed prudent to expose to the chance of injury beforehand a bird on whose prowess large sums might depend. The champion was usually brought to the scene of battle in a white canvas bag, and given to the servants to two of whom were in the pit, and filled the part usually assigned to bottle-holders in human contests. It was their business to let the two champions crow and mantle at one another till their fury was excited to such a degree that it was becoming dangerous to hold them. Meanwhile, the miscellaneous crowd of sportsmen are busy making their bets, much in the same way that they do on the racecourse of to-day. "A guinea on the red!" cries one. "Who'll take a sovereign against the grey?" asks another. In the midst of all this the plucky little birds, that with hackled erect, eyes blazing with anger, steel or silver spurs shining, have been maddening for the fray, are let loose. And now the owner has a knowledge of how his beauties have the points insisted on by the connoisseur. If he owns one that is a good mouth and comes to every point, "a close hitter" and a "bloody healer," then soon will his opponent turn up his heel in the sawdust, unless he be equally good, in which case there is likely to be a prolonged fight, full of pretty sparring and strategem. It was a general custom to compete in mains—that is, battles in which each owner matched a number of his own cocks against an equal number of another's, the bets to be decided by the contests won; but now and then a heavy wager was laid on the issue of a single encounter.

But it is a mistake to talk of cock-fighting as entirely a thing of the past. No doubt it is prohibited by law; yet so are many other things that nevertheless are freely practised. Not many months ago a cock-fighting party was surprised by the police in a Fifeshire wood, and if you know the ropes it is no very difficult feat to witness a set-to in almost any of the northern counties. Rumour says that the Yorkshire "tykes" often may be seen with fowls that do not seem to have been bred for the market; and the dalemen of Cumberland, where Professor Wilson, when he went for a walk, used to carry a bantam under his arm and challenge all comers, are still able to get up a main on Saturday afternoons, though they no longer choose the village churchyard during service as the scene of battle. As to Durham and Northumberland, what wild sport ever was invented that is not more or less practised there? The modern "gentleman of the sod," however, is not a gentleman in the same sense as his predecessors, the bucks and bloods of last generation. Indeed, it must be admitted that the pastime is short of much of its glory.

If I confess to have witnessed a little main during the course of the present summer I trust that none of my readers will get me prosecuted for cruelty to animals. It was in a little pit village of North Northumberland that I happened to hear of a match being to the fore between two well-known sporting characters in the lower walks of society. The match was out of rule, as the owner of a fine black bird had backed his cock against any three belonging to his rival, one down to him come on, and the party selected to see fair play was the most select description. It was made up of the umpire, a rabbit catcher, slightly given to drink, but an unimpeachable authority on this kind of sport, four or five miners who had bets on, a publican, and myself, the last-mentioned gaining admission through the warm commendation of the landlord, and an offer to encourage old English sport to the extent of a bottle of mountain dew. The rendezvous was a sequestered nook by the riverside, and all parties showed a laudable design to get done with the business. Betting was four to one against the champion, but his sinewy neck, his perfect feather, the formidable three-inch sharp spur he wore, and the warlike glance of his eyes were sufficient to induce at least one of the onlookers to take the odds pretty extensively. And the result more than justified this confidence. He was a black red, and his first opponent a duckwing—a good bird, but untrained. Hardly was there a moment's sparring ere the challenger had driven his weapon right into the other's brain and stretched him dead. Number Two got it in the eye, and being half-blinded, was withdrawn by the owner. The third made a capital fight, his crafty master having kept the best till the champion was exhausted with his previous work, but just when victory seemed within his grasp the other knocked him out of breath. This, and a hundred pounds to speculate with, he received. Giving his rooster to another man, he laid into the ring himself and laid his money against it. When the cock was thrown in and fought in Sir James's name, bets were, as a matter of course, eagerly laid on it. But after three or four good brushes the dunghill cock thought he had had enough of it, and showed a pair of clean heels.

**CAPTURE OF BRIGANDS.** An Athens correspondent states that an improvement has taken place in the state of the Turkish province of Epirus. The governor has taken measures for the energetic pursuit of the brigands, who have long been the scourge of the country. The Albanian bandits who recently entered the town of Delvinon, in order to seize and carry off an influential Greek physician for the purpose of extorting a ransom, have themselves been captured, and are now safely lodged in prison awaiting their trial, and, probably, their eventual execution. The present governor of Epirus, in fact, appears anxious to put a stop, once and for all, to the excesses which the Albanians have so long been committing with impunity. The malefactors have owed their escape from justice hitherto to the protection of certain pachas, their compatriots, who are connected with the palace at Constantinople.

**OUTRAGE BY POACHERS.** A Dalziel's telegram states that on Tuesday the burgomaster of Godverdeghen, near Ghent, having reason to apprehend an incursion of poachers who intended making a raid upon his estate, obtained the assistance of a body of gendarmes. While the latter were having supper at the burgomaster's house there was a fusillade from outside, shots raining through the windows of the room where the gendarmes were seated. Three gendarmes were mortally wounded. The poachers subsequently escaped.

The Ilford rifle range has been closed to metropolitan volunteers by order of the War Office.

## PHILANTHROPY AND OVER-CROWDING.

At the Thame Police Court, the owner of 313, Burdett-road, Limehouse, was again summoned at the instance of the Limehouse District Board of Works for allowing the above to be overcrowded so as to be dangerous to health. Mr. George Hay Young appeared in support of the summons; and Mr. T. A. Dennison represented the London Congregational Union, by whom the premises are nightly opened for a free shelter for outcasts. On the 13th ult. a summons for a similar complaint was heard at this court, before Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., who, on hearing that the lease would expire on the 24th inst., adjourned the case until the following day, the 25th. That magistrate, at the same time, also expressed his opinion that the union was doing a great work, and that he should not be a party to bringing any undue pressure to bear on them, as by so doing many poor persons would be nightly without shelter of any kind. Prior to the commencement of the case, Mr. Dennison applied that it might be adjourned, in order to give him the opportunity of bringing medical evidence to rebut that for the prosecution.—Mr. Young strongly resisted that proposal.—Mr. Mead, in refusing the application, said the matter had been represented to him as one of great urgency, and consequently he declined to take the responsibility of allowing the whole to proceed.

**LEGAL.** We do not give opinions on legal documents. Your envelope was returned by the post office of such importance, it is very penny wise and pounds foolish policy to dispense with legal assistance.

**NO SIGNATURE.**—If the inspector of nuisances will not move, apply to a magistrate.

**A CLERK.**—Certainly not; you must abide by the signature.

**ANXIETY.**—In her present name. 2. The same answer.

**LIGHT.**—They can refuse the supply.

**EGGS.**—The whole process would occupy more space than we could afford.

**FRANCISCO.**—You must pay; there is no help for it.

**ASHLEY.**—It is illegal.

**COACHMAN.**—You can sue him for the balance. If the postcards merely applied for payment of the debt, they are not actionable.

**C. P.**—The property can still be claimed.

**H. C.**—Apply to the War Office for payment of the money, mentioning the father's name.

**LONG STRANGER.**—As it appears to be one man's word against another's, you would probably be non-suited if you took the case into court.

**BRIXTONIAN.**—You are clearly a yearly tenant, and as such, entitled to six months notice to expire on the date when the tenancy began.

**HERBERT T. T.**—No; it is entirely optional.

**DEFENDANT.**—You would not be likely to get any more by resorting to law.

**SEAMAN.**—Send a week's notice in writing to the master if the dog does not turn out, apply for a re-jetting summons.

**SWEETHEART.**—You are not responsible.

**LINNET.**—1. He cannot claim compound interest. 2. No.

**BONBON.**—It would not exonerate you in case of damage to the property.

**KING (Twickenham).**—You are still responsible for her maintenance. The custody of the children rests in yourself. Of course you can take away your clothes and other belongings.

**SUBSCRIBE FROM NO. 1.**—1. The agreement holds good. When application is made to you to see the authorisation. 2. It is a difficult point, on which there have been conflicting decisions.

**G. DAONS.**—You have no remedy, we fear. Perhaps a threat to report his conduct to the Society might produce a good effect.

**S. D.**—You are entitled to all your expenses to the extent to which he does not refuse to admit you to his room, but you have no claim against him for separate maintenance. Go back and make it up.

**EIGHT YEARS' READER.**—Pay the money yourself, after receiving it from your tenant.

**PERIODICAL.**—It is not justified in discharging you of your liability.

**YOUNG SOX.**—It is not in proper form, and its validity might be contested. Get a printed form from a law stationer, and let him fill it in.

**HARRISON.**—We do not give opinions on legal documents.

**T. J. T.**—The Married Women's Property Act affects her full possession. 2. No.

**REVIEW.**—1. Yes. 2. No.

**UNFORTUNATE.**—You can do so; the cost would depend upon circumstances; all your property must be surrendered.

**H. GRAHAM.**—The notice is sufficient.

**LAURISTON.**—1. No. 2. It is quite correct and binding; you have no grounds for raising a dispute.

**Y. A. C.—No.**

**H. E. HILL.**—Your father would take the whole.

**H. A. DUMPLIN.**—Your share is one-third.

**C. G. P.**—Epsom. Wilson, Royal Exchange, will supply you with an excellent little book on the subject.

**L. S. W.**—Apply to whoever has the information.

**F. J. J.**—We suppose that your cover had run off; in that case, he was justified in closing the account. We doubt whether you would take much good by going to law.

**F. R. H.**—You can either apply for an injunction or sue for damages on the ground of interference with "ancient lights." But we believe you would not succeed more than the other.

**BICYCLE.**—I would be responsible to A, but not to B. Certainly not; it would be a monstrous thing were the law to regard cycles as "necessaries" for minors.

**M. W.**—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. He has a right to keep his bicycle.

**K. J. JOHNSON.**—It is a very common case; there is no redress.

**PERAMBULATOR.**—You appear to have a pretty good case, but it is always advisable to count the cost before fighting a railway company at law.

**DIXIE.**—You can obtain all information at the inland Revenue Office, Somerset House.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**BRASS.**—It would take up far too much of our space to teach you the trade from the beginning. We better bring you to an angling society. The cost of membership varies.

**CONNIE.**—If you are so careless as to lose the recipe, get another paper; you know the date.

**J. W.**—We have not got the German recipes you ask for.

**OLIVE BLOSSOM.**—Anxiety of the mind, hot rooms, and the state of the health may cause it. It can often be traced as the result of deep study; with some it is constitutional.

**CHARLOTTE.**—The recipe lately given in "Jack Allround's" column for making a harmless dye from green walnutshells might meet your case.

**JAMES H. L.**—We do not know exactly what you mean by the title you give. Would pickled onions be a good plan?

**W.**—We have a good plan.

**ANGLING.**—Have a cap and aprons for new, water-tight, and waterproof.

**W.**—I am afraid that the application of soap and water will not make it a rather thick.

**CHARLES.**—It would be a lamp of common oil.

**W.**—I have the oil.

**CHARLES.**—I have the oil.

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THE DUCHESS OF  
POWYSLAND.  
BY  
GRANT ALLEN.

## CHAPTER XLI.

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

Till the trial came on Linda had to pass through another terrible ordeal of suspense and waiting. The solitude of the gaol alone to which she was condemned would have made it almost unbearable, even without the cloud of that unspeakable accusation always overhanging her. The authorities, to be sure, did everything in their power to lighten the burden of her life while awaiting trial; but it was with a heavy heart, indeed, in spite of every indulgence, that she wore through each day of that awful interval.

Outside the question was only: When the duchess is found guilty and sentenced to death, will they dare to hang her? Or dare, on the other hand, to commute her sentence?

If she wasn't a peeress, everybody said, of course she'd be hanged; and if they didn't hang her, out of consideration for her rank, the democracy would be scandalised, and say why a duchess should have leave to commit murder more than other Christians? Beta were freely offered and taken that in the event of a hostile verdict the Government wouldn't venture to commute the sentence into one of penal servitude for life. Men made the unhappy woman's fate a subject for gambling over, and watched with horrid interest the rumours of fresh evidence as it affected their own chance of losing or winning a few paltry sovereigns.

Happily, however, within her four stone walls, Linda knew nothing of all this. She was busy a good part of each day with her lawyers or their clerks—the eminent firm of Walberswick and Garrod had acted as her solicitors ever since her return to England, and they were now engaged in collecting or arranging the evidence for the defence. Yet it was with difficulty she could bring herself to believe any defence necessary. Strong as she saw the case against herself to be, she could still hardly realise that any one could seriously accuse her of having poisoned Bertie. The idea was monstrous, so wicked, so cruel. But what terrified her most was the slow discovery, not only that the world at large distrusted her, but that even her own lawyers, who had charge of her case, obviously disbelieved in their client's innocence. At first she refused to conceive this possible. Linda herself wished to reprove especially upon some definite attempt to bring home the crime to its real perpetrators. Though she didn't know whom to suspect, though she suspected nobody—she yet knew in her heart that some one unknown—either the nurse, or the doctor, or the servants, or somebody—must necessarily have administered the morphine to Bertie. To her, the real question at issue was simply—who had poisoned her husband? She cared little comparatively for mere negative evidence tending to exculpate herself. She wished to clear her own character in the one true way—by putting the guilt of the murderer on the shoulders of the actual criminal.

But whenever she dwelt upon this aspect of the case to her urban solicitor, it was only too painfully and hideously clear to her that that legal-minded gentleman, in spite of his courtly deference, totally disbelieved in the possibility of any such mode of conducting the defence. "What we need, your grace must observe," Mr. Walberswick would reply diplomatically, with a nod of that grave head, "is robbing evidence—rebutting evidence. Your grace's plan of action would be an admirable one, indeed, if we had witnesses to call for repelling the charge by laying it boldly on other shoulders. I say if, but we have no such witnesses. You don't even yourself venture to single out for attack any one particular individual. You don't know, you say, who administered the morphine. The Crown says you did. Very well, then; we have to confine our defence to rebutting the allegation thus brought forward by the Crown; re-butting it—re-butting it. We have to seek to find out what evidence in the case the Crown has got, and to shake the credit of their witnesses in cross-examination or otherwise. We must confine ourselves to detail, and fight their case piecemeal."

"If you don't believe what I say," Linda cried once impotently, when the lawyer had smiled a more than usually cynical smile, "I wish you'd tell me so, and then we should understand one another." Her solicitor looked grave. "Our duty is," he said, stroking his clean-shaven chin, "to do the best we can for our clients, no matter what we think, and to believe them innocent till they are proved guilty. That's our duty as a profession. We must put the best interpretation upon everything, of course; but we must never for a moment underestimate the strength of the evidence we are invited to repel. To do so would be to act unjustly by your grace in the end, for we can't conceal from ourselves the patent fact that the Crown has a very strong case indeed to go upon."

The tears came up fast into Linda's eyes, silently. This was hard—very hard. Even her own defenders didn't believe her innocent.

As the day for the trial approached, Mr. Walberswick advised her that it would be well for her to have a personal interview with the distinguished Q.C., Mr. Mitchell Hanbury, retained as senior for the defence in this memorable trial. Linda consented to see him, hoping she might impress the distinguished Q.C. with a deeper sense of her innocence than she had succeeded in conveying to the eminent solicitor. And Mr. Mitchell Hanbury paid her a visit in her room in gaol accordingly. He discussed with her the various witnesses called at the inquest, and the things they would most likely be asked to swear to at the actual trial. But through all he said Linda saw, with alarm, there was the self-same vein of unacknowledged scepticism. It was clear to her that in his heart of hearts the distinguished Q.C. thought only of relying upon weakness of detail and legal quibbles as to circumstantial evidence. He was thinking of an acquittal, where she was thinking of a triumphant vindication.

At the end of the interview, Linda served him up for a very bold effort. "Mr. Hanbury," she said plainly, looking straight into his eyes, "you think I poisoned him?"

"My dear madam," the barrister

said, shuffling, and taken off his guard by the suddenness and frankness of his full-fronted attack, "we lawyers think nothing on earth beyond out briefs. They limit our horizon. We are instructed by the solicitors in a case that such and such things happened, thus or thus; that such and such witnesses will prove this or that; and we govern ourselves accordingly. We don't allow ourselves in any way to go behind the statement of facts submitted for our guidance. We've no time to indulge in otiose speculation—he urged his phrase—"no time to indulge in purely otiose speculation."

Linda rose from the bare table by which they sat, and stood facing him like a woman. "Sir," she said, with infinite dignity, "if that is how you feel about me, I'd rather not avail myself of your services. This is a case which can only be properly defended by a man who believes thoroughly in my innocence and purity. You don't believe in them, that much I can see; and your advocacy, however skilful it may be, would be worth little. I am a woman in distress, and I want to ask a favour of you." Her eyes were full, and her voice trembled. "If I decline to accept you as my counsel my solicitors will throw up the case, I suppose, and I don't know how I can get any one else in time to defend me. But this is the favour I ask you: I beg it, I implore it of you—arrange with Mr. Walberswick to withdraw by agreement, and leave the conduct of the case to another barrister whom I know and in whom I repose implicit confidence."

Miss Elizabeth Pomeroy looked up from the sofa, where she was lying at full length, with a fierce red spot in her pallid cheek, and cried out piteously: "Oh, Arthur, Arthur, I've always served you well, and treated you like a lady. If you'll let me go this once, I'll manage to save her without ever exposing you."

"No, my dear, I won't let you go," Mr. Roper replied, pouring himself out a thimbleful in his turn (very imperial measure) and filling it up from the syphon by his side with a brimming dose of potash water. "You're safe where you are—extremely safe; and if once I let you well out of my sight, there's no knowing what mischief you mayn't be up to. You see, you're so volatile. It's all very well your saying you'll manage to save her without risk of exposing me," and Mr. Roper took a long and steady pull at the diluted thimbleful; "but when once you begin communicating with the police or the injured innocents, who's to tell where on earth the thing may lead you to? That's what I look at. You mean well, of course. You always do mean well, I grant you that—and I've always given you credit for it. I've always said there isn't one of 'em, all round, I can trust like you. But that's no reason I should let you go and run both our heads against the stone wall of Scotland Yard. If once you start giving evidence in this case there'll be no stopping it. It may run to anything—it may run to Marwood. You're known to the police as an associate of common thieves and receivers. You're known as one of the most expert confederates in London. You're known as the companion of that distinguished criminal, the gentleman burglar." He drew himself up. "Very well then; if once the police catch hold of you, they'll mark us both down, and after that what'll be the end of us?"

"Oh, Arthur," the girl cried, trying to rise from the sofa, but evidently too weak to stir from her place. "I must go. You must let me. I can't see that dear good woman hanged for a crime she's as innocent of as an unborn baby."

"No you don't," Mr. Roper responded with a hasty flank movement in the direction of the door, against which he planted himself solidly as an animated barrier. "No thoroughfare this way!" By order of the vestry! If you try to move, take care I don't serve you as your duchess served her respected husband. You can't see her hanged, you say? Well, you ain't bound to go and see her hanged unless you like; and even then you can't do it without an order from the sheriff. But she's all right, Lord bless you. Don't you trouble about her. They won't hang a duchess, not if they know it. Why, a duke's younger son, even, is always allowed an opportunity to hook it; and when it comes to a woman who's never been to prison, they'll allow 'em to hang her."

"No you don't," Mr. Roper responded with a hasty flank movement in the direction of the door, against which he planted himself solidly as an animated barrier. "No thoroughfare this way!" By order of the vestry! If you try to move, take care I don't serve you as your duchess served her respected husband. You can't see her hanged, you say? Well, you ain't bound to go and see her hanged unless you like; and even then you can't do it without an order from the sheriff. But she's all right, Lord bless you. Don't you trouble about her. They won't hang a duchess, not if they know it. Why, a duke's younger son, even, is always allowed an opportunity to hook it; and when it comes to a woman who's never been to prison, they'll allow 'em to hang her."

"I think not," Linda answered with profound conviction. "I have good grounds for what I do. I don't value life so much that I prefer it to honour. If I'm acquitted at all, I prefer to owe my acquittal to those who know me for what I am. And if I'm found guilty, I can die all the more easily for knowing myself innocent."

"By George! sir," the distinguished Q.C. said an hour later to his old friend, Mr. Walberswick, the eminent solicitor, "that woman's a wonder. I never saw her equal. She'd make her fortune on the stage if she could strike that attitude that she did with over again. I'd marry her myself tomorrow (hang me if I wouldn't!) if I were a single man, and risk the morphine-supposing she was at large to marry, which she'll never be again, poor soul, for all her beauty. But, for the life of me, Walberswick, when she stood up to me like that, and fixed me with her big black eyes, I couldn't refuse to let her have her own foolish way about the matter."

And as soon as he had left her room, in fact, Linda sat down at the table by herself, and dictated a letter from the very depths of her heart to the one best friend she had left in England.—

"Holloway Gaol,  
Tuesday Morning.

"Dear Mr. Harrison,—Do you remember, years ago, when you took me to hear that case where the burglar was involved, you said to me, as we were leaving the court, 'How much harm a man can do by throwing dust in the eyes of a jury like that, and turning such wretches loose to play upon humanity?' When I think of it, I'm sorry I ever was called. And I answered you back, 'Yes; but how much good a man may do, on the other hand, in helping to save some innocent person from condemnation when he's in it!' But that's not how it will be this time. When your duchess comes into court, her counsel will get her off as easy as winking, don't be afraid of it. Look at the way that clever young chap, Erskine, got off that time on the burglary charge. And that, too, when I was really the fellow they wanted." And Mr. Roper, shutting one eye better to admire the beaded bubbles in his glass, pursed his lips into a circle and whistled unconsciously.

"That's just it," the girl cried passionately, raising herself once more, and staggering to her feet. "That's just it. You're guilty, you see. But she's innocent."

"Pretty bad opinion you seem to have," Mr. Roper observed, musing, "of the laws of your country! Pretty bad opinion! And yet they've treated her eyes for a second, a thought suddenly struck her. It was a reminiscence of that trial, so long, long ago. Dreamily, dreamily, the scene recurred to her in a mental picture. She saw it

all—judge, jury, and prisoner. But one face stood out from all the faces in the court, wan, frail, and interesting. With a flash of intuition she remembered now where she had seen her maid, Elizabeth Woodward, before—that mysterious maid who evaporated so mysteriously. Her face was the face of the girl called Pomeroy, who gave evidence at the trial in the burglar's favour.

Could the girl have anything to do, she wondered vaguely, with the awful episode of the morphine in Bertie's barley-water?

## CHAPTER XLII.

MR. ROPER AT HOME.

and shunning, and taken off his guard by the suddenness and frankness of his full-fronted attack, "we lawyers think nothing on earth beyond our briefs. They limit our horizon. We are instructed by the solicitors in a case that such and such things happened, thus or thus; that such and such witnesses will prove this or that; and we govern ourselves accordingly. We don't allow ourselves in any way to go behind the statement of facts submitted for our guidance. We've no time to indulge in otiose speculation—he urged his phrase—"no time to indulge in purely otiose speculation."

But what do you mean, my girl, by calling me guilty, I should like to know?" Mr. Roper continued, bridling up with indignation. "The expression unparliamentary; totally unfit for the society of gentlemen. I'll admit I'm the man who was in the house at the time, with a sectional memory concealed about my person, as the Act phrases it. But what of that, I say? Circumstantial evidence. Mere circumstantial evidence. And liable to error. A gentleman may be lounging about a neighbour's house most innocently any day. I won't stand these imputations against my moral character."

As he spoke, Miss Pomeroy had glided quietly and unobtrusively toward the window, and was trying to open it now with trembling fingers. Mr. Roper's voice was so intent upon his bubbling brandy that he hardly noticed her at first; but when he looked up, with a start and a sudden oath, he flushed over and caught her wrist hard in his hand at the critical moment. "You smacking little devil!" he cried angrily, dragging her back by main force to her place on the sofa, and laying her down there once more in a gay, frivolous fashion: "So you're going to shout out of the window and raise the street, were you? You miserable little white-livered methodical turncoat! I like your impertinence! I'll teach you to go trying to peach on me and call me in the coppers. No unkindness meant, but I'll take it out of you. Bess! If ever you dare to open that window, I'll break every bone in your body before I let you get me into trouble. You shan't stir out of this room till that woman's tried and hanged or acquitted. Du-hess, indeed! Much I care for your duchesses! Much reason the nobbs have given me to care for 'em, though I've always backed 'em: Well, no matter. Here you are, and here you'll stick till the woman swings for it."

Elizabeth Pomeroy put her hands to her face, and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. "Oh, I wish I was stronger," she said, "I do wish I was stronger; I'd like to be well and myself again, that's all. If I was, though you're a man and I'm a woman, I wouldn't be afraid to wrestle with you for it. Arthur, I'd get out of this room, if you stood in my way with a loaded pistol. I'd be a match for you then, for I've got a devil in my web. I'm roused! I tell you that. I'd kill you, but I'd get out and I'd save the duchess."

She spoke with fierce energy. Mr. Roper regarded her cynically meanwhile, with keen eyes of satisfaction. "I dare say you would," he said, smiling serenely. "It would much surprise me if you turned against your best friend some day in one of your blessed tantrums. You're a bad'un when your blood's up, and no mistake. But it goes over; that's one comfort. If I thought you meant all you say, I'd drag you as you lie there, as soon as look at you, for I hate ingratitude. But I know you of old. You always were given to these fits of the liver. Remorse, the Parsons call it. I call it liver. You'll be right again by and bye, and you'll thank me for not letting your own hysterical passion get the better of you like this. Meanwhile, thank heaven! you're safe enough for the present. You're as weak as a cat, the Lord be praised! and all through your own silly imprudence, too, in exposing yourself so soon after typhoid fever."

The girl flushed up crimson at this last ungenerous taunt. "Why, it was for you, Arthur," she cried; "it was for your sake that I did it. I exposed myself, mind arranging it. . . . I'm afraid, though I'm afraid, he added, after an awkward pause, "you may see cause in the future to regret your precipitancy."

"Never mind," Linda answered firmly, gazing hard at him still. "It matters but little to me what people say." She shuddered slightly. Then she added the very thought that was passing through her mind. "I'd rather be found guilty and suffer for it," she went on, "than owe my escape to any more legal argument. I don't want to be acquitted. I want it proved and shown that I'm entirely innocent."

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## OUR OMNIBUS.

## PIPER PAN.

Mr. Horace Soder may be congratulated on the continued success of "La Cigale," which has just reached its anniversary performance at the beautiful Lyric Theatre. I should not be surprised were it to run till next spring, yet there is little of striking originality in the score, excepting the song "Look in mine eyes," composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll, and sang by Mr. H. Coffin. The music by M. Audran is, however, cleverly adapted to the dramatic situations, and never fails to please the large audiences that crowd the Lyric Theatre every night.

Senor Lago has issued the prospectus of his Royal Italian Opera season, which will open on Monday, October 19th, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, with Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," which I have not the smallest doubt will be brilliantly successful. The principal artists engaged for this opera are conspicuous avatars at La Scala, Milan.

No less than fifteen foreign artists will make their first appearances during the season, in addition to M. Padilla, Novara, Campi, Caracciolo, and other popular stars; and I am glad to say that English talent has been recognised by the engagement of Miss Damian and Mr. Charles Manners.

At the Alhambra on Monday next a new ballet divertissement, entitled "The Sioux," will be produced, with music composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter, incidental dances arranged by Signor Coppi, and scenery by Mr. T. E. Ryan. Mr. Charles Lauri, who has invented the plot, will give his inimitable impersonation of a monkey, and I understand that a striking feature in this ballet will be a war dance by the Sioux Indians.

Respecting the Birmingham Musical Festival, I must postpone comment until next week, but my readers will join with me in regretting the inability of Madame Albani, through severe illness, to fulfil her engagement as principal soprano at the festival. An able substitute was found in Miss Williams, but the absence of Madame Albani was deplored.

Another distinguished soprano, Madame Melba, has also suffered from illness, and was not only unable to fulfil her engagement at Brussels, but was also unfit to appear at the Grand Opera, Paris, last week. On the other hand, I rejoice to hear that Madame Trebelli declares utterly false the statements made as to her inability to sing in public; being in full possession of her vocal powers.

Senor Sarasate will make his re-appearance at St. James's Hall on Saturday, October 17th, when Mr. Cusins will conduct a full orchestra. The chief attraction will be the first performance here of Bruch's new violin concerto, announced to be played by Herr Joachim at the Crystal Palace early next year. It is said that Sarasate has contrived to obtain a MS. copy of this work, and although I am not an enthusiastic admirer of Max Bruch, I look forward with interest to the readings of his 3rd symphony by the two greatest violinists of our time.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have been doing well this week at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and Middle Zeil de Lussan is said to have won great applause in the roles of Zerlina ("Fra Diavolo") and Carmen. I hope to hear the Carl Rosa company in London next year. They have been too long absent from it.

I have been asked to give an opinion respecting Sunday concerts. The subject demands greater space than is at my disposal this week, and I must postpone a full examination of it, but I do not hesitate to say that Sunday concerts, i.e., such concerts as are given in respectable concert-rooms, would be a beneficial boon to thousands of toilers who have little chance of hearing good music on week days.

Let me also add that at least half of the Sunday concert programmes should be occupied by the beautiful ballads of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They would tend to refine, as well as gratify, all who heard them, and would engender a love of music which might lead them to attend as worshippers the splendid choral services at our cathedrals and at many of our churches. Why should such enjoyments be tabooed by bigots, who

Abuse for faults they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to?

**OLLA PODRIDIA.**—Messrs. Novello have published, at moderate prices, the three new works by Dvorak, Villiers Stanford, and Mackenzie, produced at the Birmingham Festival.—The fine band of the Scots Guards will play at the Naval Exhibition until its close.—Signor Bovignani has accepted an engagement as conductor of Madame Emma Juch's English Opera company, for an eight months' tour in America.—The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will commence this (Saturday) afternoon, when the celebrated violinist, Popper, will make his re-appearance, after a long absence from England.—Sir John Hall will give an evening and a morning performance of Berlioz's "Faust" at St. James's Hall.

## BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

Mr. E. Crow, whose letter about the young slow-worms I published last week, very kindly completes his information. The mother broke the eggs deliberately. She seemed to bite them rapidly several times till the young ones wriggled out. The eggs were about the size of a house sparrow's, and quite transparent. The other young ones, nine in number, apparently were born alive, for no eggs were found. I am inclined to think, therefore, that it was merely accident that they were not all hatched before coming into the world. But the fact of the mother's breaking the eggs is interesting as showing that she must be accustomed to and prepared for such emergencies.

On feeding chameleons, a lady who has kept them for a length of time kindly sends useful information. She recommends mealworms as food, from six to eight of which the chameleon usually eats at a time. Mealworms are especially useful in winter, when flies and caterpillars are not to be obtained. This correspondent differs from a former one in one particular. She says that chameleons will drink water out of a glass vessel by dipping their long tongue into it—not merely taking drops of moisture off the leaves. Doubtless different species of chameleon or even different individuals vary in their habits. My own one at present seems to desire to emulate the "fasting man." I have to administer his food and water to him daily, by opening his jaws with a paper-knife.

By-the-way, I am constantly being asked how to breed that most useful larva, the meal-worm. It is easy enough. Procure a dozen for a penny at a bird or reptile shop. Put them into an earthenware jar half full of bran with a few pieces of old shoe-leather, cloth, &c. in it. Cover the mouth of the jar with a piece of muslin and wait till the meal-worms turn into beetles, which will lay eggs, from which in due time young meal-worms will emerge. Keep the establishment dry and your meal-worms will multiply apace.

Most useful are they for the feeding of insectivorous cage birds, and form an important item in the bill of fare of every aviary.

I wish that I had enough space at my command to publish a letter I have received from Mr. Vincent for I always am glad that my readers should hear both sides of a question, and Mr. Vincent differs from my recently expressed opinion on the effect of alcohol on monkeys. But when I wrote the note I had no intention of entering upon a temperance discussion, for which this column is not intended. I therefore merely say that Mr. Vincent takes exception to my remark that alcohol gives monkeys a certain degree of internal warmth. When I said that I was perfectly aware of the fact that its immediate effect was to lower the temperature of the body, I did not mean at all that the benefit to be derived by the monkey was his being kept warmer for the night by the alcohol. I should, perhaps, have rather said, as the Rev. J. G. Wood somewhere does, that "it seems to supply the heat principle" or that it enables the monkey to accumulate heat. However, every one is entitled to his own opinion. Let those who think it is bad withdraw wine from their monkeys. I, myself, have heard of several cases in which it apparently saved the animal's life, and I will continue to give it.

"A Five Years' Reader" is mistaken in supposing that I object to receiving insects by post. I am always glad to be of any help I can to my readers in this way. All I object to is the arrival of defunct beasts and birds. These are nearly always corrupt by the time I receive them. But insects are in no way offensive to me—alive or dead. The creature he sends is a full-grown specimen of the large caterpillar of the goat moth, which emerges from its tunnels in the tree trunks just before it chrysalises, and takes a short survey of the outside world, returning to the tree to become a pupa.

The large moth sent by J. McCarthy, Soton, is a convolvulus hawk moth. It is scarce in England, and can hardly inhabit the docks in which it was picked up. I expect that my correspondent's suggestion is right, and that it dropped out of some luggage from abroad. There seem to have been some cases of natural history objects landed on the day it was picked up.

One of the most pleasing "fancies" that one can take up with is that for ornamental water-fowl. Many gentlemen amateurs in this country now have very fine collections of such birds. To see them on a nicely-planned artificial lake or a natural piece of water is a very pleasing sight, and one does not wonder that money and trouble are expended on them. Black-necked swans, mandarin ducks, sheldrakes of various sorts, whistling-ducks, sunsum-ducks, the rare Bahama ducks, and very many others are well worth introducing. I should advise any one who has a spare piece of water to stock it with a few pair of foreign water-fowl. He need not go in for the hobby ambitiously unless he like, and can suit his stock to the extent of his lake, but I am sure he will be interested in them. Variety, in my opinion, is the great object to be aimed at in such a collection; the more mixed the assortment is the better. Of course some of the water-fowl are very rare and expensive to buy, but there is no need to get these. Some very handsome species are quite moderate in price.

## THE ACTOR.

Unlike Mr. Gilbert, Mr. H. A. Jones appears to enjoy witnessing performances of his own works. He was present, in a private box, at the Haymarket on Monday, and seemed to regard the representation with satisfaction. I should like to know, though, what he really thinks of the last act. I am told that he was exhorted to abolish it while the play was in rehearsal. It is much to be regretted that he did not follow the advice thus given. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, of the Daly company, was also one of the audience at the Haymarket on Monday, and so were Miss Florence West and Mr. Lewis Waller.

Looking in on Monday evening at the Globe, I found the audience in roars of laughter over a melodrama called "The Wings of the Storm," which was there being enacted. The play itself was absurd enough, but I am bound to say it was no way assisted by the mis-en-scene and the stage management. On the contrary, the chief scene in the piece was made ridiculous by the faulty scenery and inadequate rehearsal. When the heroines had to say, "O, if I could but open this door," the door, obviously, ought not to be standing open all the time! On this occasion, the actress deliberately shut the door first, and then spoke the line!

At the dress rehearsal of "Thérèse Raquin," at the Royal on Wednesday night, I missed many of the "old familiar faces," formerly seen in connection with the Independent Theatre enterprise. Can it be that there have been "ructions" in the camp? The intervention of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Frank Harris has perhaps had the effect of excluding some of the older friends of the movement. Mr. Harris (who is editor of the *Fortnightly Review*) was present on Wednesday in all the grandeur of a private box. On the dramatic critic I noted only three, and these, strangely enough, did not include Mr. George Moore's pet, Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley.

I understand that the Lord Chamberlain was asked to license the English version of "Thérèse Raquin" because the translators had got to the piece played elsewhere than at the Royal by and bye. I do not see why it should not be a success with East-end, Surrey side, and country audiences, who have long been accustomed to dramatic strong meat, and would not be likely to strain at a gnat after swallowing so many camels. For myself, I see nothing in the piece to differentiate it from hundreds of antecedent melodramas, except the incident of the paralysed woman, which, in my humble opinion, is a great deal too painful for stage representation.

Miss Laura Johnson, who has come to the front as the heroine of "Thérèse Raquin," is a protégé of Mr. Hermann Vezin. I remember that she once recited a "piece" at an At Home given by Mr. H. A. Jones a year or two ago, and she was so small in stature that she had to perch herself on a settee or something, in order that the guests should see and hear her. I afterwards saw her play a Shakespeare part, for which her girlish physique quite unfitted her. I thought, I think she has talent, but I think also she has begun at the wrong end—that she should have begun with small parts instead of big ones.

The version of "The Prince and the Pauper" which is to be put on at the Vaudeville on Monday is the third that has been made. There was the American adaptation, in which little Elsie Leslie played; then there was an arrangement by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, in which little Vera Beringer figured; and now comes this one of Mr. Joseph Hatton's, written in the interests of Miss Bessie Hatton, who ought to be excellent in it. I shall be curious to see how the scenic difficulties are got over at the Vaudeville. The stage is small, and, I am told, not well adapted for heavy "sets." The proof of the pudding will be in the eating.

I should not be surprised if the laureate's new play on Robin Hood's story were a great

success in America, apart altogether from the fact that Miss Kehan is to represent the heroine. The Yankees appear to "take" to Tennyson on the stage. A version of his "Enoch Arden" has long been popular in the States; the late Edwin Adams "starred" in it for many years, and yet another version has recently been brought out. Then, the dramatisation of "Elaine" was also popular in America.

Why, by the way, have we had in this country no serious adaptation to the stage of the Arthurian legends? The story of Arthur and Lancelot and Guinevere has been buried, but it would make a fine drama if properly treated. How admirable would Mr. Irving, Mr. Terrell, and Miss Ellen Terry be in the three roles I have named!

## OLD IZAAK.

Anglers have now no reason to complain of Father Thames, and during the past week the takes have been good, if not quite so numerous, as I have sometimes had to record. At Staines, John Keene, jun., reports capital sport among the barbel, one day's catch with Mr. Pound, thirteen barbel, and six dozen roach and dace. At Kingston during the week, John Johnson's take included two barbel, the largest weighing 10lb. Anglers have also done well in the tidal waters. At Twickenham, Mr. Tarrant in three days, fishing with Richard Coxon, scored 40lb. weight of roach and dace, and Mr. H. Myers, fishing on three occasions with C. Brown at Richmond, took no less than sixty-eight barbel, twenty of them on Sunday last.

Now is the time to have a look at the deer in Richmond Park. Next month the stag will be "rutting," and, therefore, unsafe to approach, but at present they are quite docile, and their splendid branching antlers make a fine show against the greenward.

Anglers are also well done in the winter. At Chertsey Town Hall on Wednesday last, and the offenders (not club men) were fined 5s. each, including costs. The Thames of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge going deer-stalking in Richmond Park!

Many people have been surprised, no doubt, to learn that an Indian prince should have seriously entertained a proposal to pay nearly half a million sterling for a single diamond, as the Nizam lately did. There is nothing astonishing in that; these rulers are passionately fond of precious stones, and are always ready to pay prodigious sums for exceptionally fine specimens. After the Indian mutiny, the prize booty captured by our troops from rebel Rajahs and Nawabs was on show for some time at Calcutta, and I well remember my wonderment at the magnificence of the display. Rough emeralds as big as pigeon's eggs were quite common, while diamonds and rubies of surpassing magnitude lay about in heaps.

I suspect that this custom of hoarding costly gems originated in a more sensible motive than love of display. In the olden time, when no ruler could tell when he might not be a fugitive, it was very convenient to have by him some portable property of high value which he could take away. He, therefore, invested the bulk of his savings in precious stones, thus providing himself with the means of living like a gentleman even if the worst came to the worst.

The monthly bulletin of the Emigrants' Information Office gives warning against emigration to South America in general and also to Mashonaland. There is still something of a demand for mechanics and female servants in Cape Colony and Natal, but the former had better keep away from Queensland, New Zealand, and Victoria, as the markets are overstocked. In all cases the British emigrant should so arrange as to be able to look about him for a few weeks after landing. If compelled to obtain work at once, he must accept the first offer, no matter how bad, and he thus falls into the hands of the sweater, a species by no means unknown in the colonies.

There is to be a Central Association visit to the Amicable Brothers, meeting at the Bald Faced Stag, Worship-square, Finsbury, on Monday, 19th inst., at which Mr. T. Crumpton has undertaken to read a paper entitled "An Angler's Visit in the Olden Time." Mr. C. A. Medcalf, President of the Association, will occupy the chair, and a large attendance is anticipated.

I hear that Mr. Alfred Nutall, J.P., spending his vacation at Scarborough, has done a considerable amount of sea fishing, meeting with abundant sport, his rod and line having brought him in some good baskets of codling, silver whiting, gurnets, and dabs. Mr. Nutall is well-known as the able and genial chairman of the T.A.P.S., but in that capacity is never at sea.

Mr. Eldridge's competition drew a large number of anglers to Amherst on Sunday last, and out of some 300 entries, 62 weighed in at the close of the contest. Mr. G. Watling, of the Funny Folks, was the victor of the double sense, not only taking first prize for the greatest weight of all fish (7lb. 9oz.), but also the special prize for the largest roach (1lb. 8oz.). Mr. J. A. Fitch came second with 5lb. 2oz., and Mr. A. Long (both of the Great Northern Brothers) third with 4lb. 5oz. Mr. A. Corras, of the Wellington Anglers, took a roach of 1lb. 8oz. and a perch of 10oz. The anglers were exposed to a tropical heat, with an almost cloudless sky, and the river ran with exceptional swiftness, under the influence of a strong spring tide, conditions anything but favourable to the chance of sport.

The Funny Folks meeting at the Rose and Crown, Goswell-road, secured the first prize at the three last. Pubborough and Ardmore tournaments—a proof that they have some good anglers in their ranks; and tomorrow (Monday, 10th inst.) they are to give a benefit concert on behalf of Mr. George Watling, their champion on Sunday last. It says much for their kindly feeling, and their belief in Mr. Watling's skill, that the cost of his trip to Amherst was provided for by a small subscription, to enable him to "go in" and win.

There was recently a great fishing contest at Boston organised by Sheffield anglers, in which upwards of 600 competitors took part. The first prize of £10 fell to John Haley, of Woodside-lane, who in two hours landed 6lb. 12oz. The Sheffield people do things on a big scale; but, from what I can learn, the London competitions, taken altogether, will compare very favourably with those indulged in by our provincial friends.

In response to an application from the Anglers' Association, anglers' cheap tickets are now issued from Paddington and Westbourne Park to Colnbrook and Staines.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

During the autumn months there is no more charming place for a "Sunday outing" within reasonable distance from London

than Datchet. Very few visitors go there at the present season, so that one gets a really quiet day. There is a train from Waterloo that arrives just in time for morning service in the lately restored church, a fine building whose regular attendants make it a point to be courteous to strangers. Close by is one of the prettiest inns in England, the Royal Star, where liberal entertainment is provided for man and beast by the obliging landlady. The tariff is, perhaps, a bit stiff, but one gets an equivalent in the exceptionally good fare.

Very delightful is it on a fine afternoon, such as last Sunday, to lazily paddle up the river from Datchet to Eton, noting the lovely scenery on both banks. Here and there the brown livery of autumn is beginning to appear, lightening the sombre greenery with its brighter colouring. There is a stillness in the air, too, that affords infinite solace to the Londoner after the chronic din of his working life. Nor does it detract from his pleasure that the cost is the merest trifle. Hoare supplies nice clean boats, fitted with comfortable cushions, at a shilling the first hour, and sixpence for every additional hour.

Collodoid collars and cuffs are, I understand, steadily replacing both linen and paper by reason of their looking nice and costing rather cheaper. Owing to improvements in the manufacture they are no longer liable to discoloration, as used to be the case. Even excessive perspiration does not penetrate the surface, and any traces left by it can be obliterated at once with a damp sponge. A friend of mine has just shown me a celluloid collar which he had in constant use for more than a month. As the cost was only sixpence, it has certainly earned its keep already.

Astrachan cloth is such a convenient sort of trimming one is glad to find it quite as much in favour this year as it was last year. It is inexpensive, good for wear, and admirably suited for the doing up of a passe gown. I saw a dark green smooth-faced astrachan dress that had done a hard winter's service last year, made to look like new by this accommodating garniture. The gown, which was plainly made, with short pointed basques, looked old-fashioned for the present style; but this was soon set to rights by the aid of some well curled black astrachan cloth. Round the bottom of the skirt was laid a broad band of the astrachan, the band being cut bias, which made it sit much better if cut on the straight. It very completely covered all appearance of wear and tear, and the marks of stitches, and to the bodice was added deep basques of the astrachan, which converted it into a fashionable three-quarter length jacket. The high-shouldered sleeves of last year needed no altering except at the wrist, where deep gauntlet cuffs of astrachan replaced the rows of braid that had gone round them. With a piece of the curled cloth that was left after trimming the dress, the prettiest little polerine was made; it was rounded at the back over the shoulders, and came down the front in long points; the collar was a high medici. The polerine gave the dress just the finishing touch for wearing out of doors without a jacket.

**MR. WHEELER.**

The continuous shortening of the days in autumn always comes as an unmixed evil to large numbers of cyclists. Say what you may, wheeling after dark is more of a toil than a pleasure; for my own part, I am fain to confess myself unable to see where the enjoyment comes in. But those engaged in business during the day-time—as most of us are—must either take up with nocturnal riding or abandon our favourite exercise except on Sundays. It is different when the days are long; then one can have pleasant scurries into the country after work and get back before darkness has set in.

But for this drawback October would be one of the most enjoyable months in the year for the wheelchair. As a rule, the weather is reasonably fine, the roads have not become soft, the country has a charming look in its russet livery, and there is a nip in the air which prevents one from unduly larding the lean earth. Never is our pastime more invigorating or more pleasurable. Yet there are some cyclists who make it a rule to knock off riding at the end of September; indeed, I read the other day a pathetic lamentation in one of the trade papers on the termination of the riding season of 1891.

A sharp controversy is going on aient the eternal amateur question, the central issue being whether non-professionals should be allowed to compete for money prizes. For my own part, I am in favour of making a clean sweep of a distinction which no longer has any real meaning. It is notorious that numbers of the so-called amateurs derive monetary benefit from pot-hunting, while others content themselves with covering their expenses. There is no harm in doing either one or the other provided no deception is practised. But when these gentlemen affect the status of amateurs, and refuse to compete against professionals on that ground, the classification becomes something worse than ridiculous. Abolish it, then, and let all compete on level terms under the inclusive name of cyclists.

Most of the great makers find themselves with exceptionally large quantities of stock on hand which they are naturally anxious to dispose of, even at "alarming sacrifice" quotations. Now is the time, then, for the judicious buyer to provide himself with a good machine on the cheap. He must make up his mind, however, for some sharp bargaining; the walls of the Jericho he besieges will not succumb at the first blast of his economical trumpet; but by holding off for a bit, as if inclined to go elsewhere, he will generally succeed in getting the coveted machine at his own price. Considerable caution is required, nevertheless, in working the business, as some makers prepare themselves against customers of that description by inflating their list prices beforehand.

**JACK ALLROUND.**

To the two correspondents, "Millwall" and "Dorothy," who have requested a recipe for making Devonshire clotted cream, I must start with a warning. They need not expect to achieve a first-class cream on a first or even a second attempt—judgment and experience are absolutely necessary with every step. To begin, the milk has first to be left in the pan till the cream has sufficiently risen. The time this takes varies very considerably, between ten and twenty-four hours; it is regulated by the temperature more or less, and requires to stand a shorter time in summer than in winter. The milk to be used should be put in the pans as soon after milking as possible, and the milk ought not to be much stirred or agitated; if it is, it will not throw up as much cream. Milk that has not been carried from a distance will not throw up as much or as rich cream as it were taken from the cows. When the milk has stood sufficiently long, as above, the man must be placed over a stove or on a close range, still carefully avoiding all agitation or stirring of the milk. The stove must not be too hot, the milk must not be allowed to boil, but must be heated slowly until it is quite hot, when it will look thick over the surface, and bubbles, rising through the milk and producing air blisters on the surface of the cream, will appear; then at once, gently and carefully, the pan must be carried back to the dairy or to a cool place, and after some hours, sometimes not till next day, the clotted cream is skimmed off with a slice. The time taken to scald the cream sufficiently varies; practice alone will tell you when it is done enough. I have often watched the process in the farm kitchens in Devonshire, where the farmer's wife told me she could never say how long two pans put on together would take. Both were apparently identical, yet one of them often took a considerably longer time to mature than the other. In Devonshire they usually use shallow tin pans, containing from ten to twelve quarts of milk each, for making the cream.

"A good recipe for filling up letters on brass plates when the black is worn off," is sought for by "G. E. T." Probably he will find the following the easiest method for him to try. He must provide two supports for the brass plates to lie across, that will allow of fire being applied on the under side of the plate. If the plates to be operated upon are door plates, a couple of bricks would answer well for the supports. Every remnant of the old black, red, or whatever colour filled up the letters on the plate, must be removed, and the plates, especially the letters, must be thoroughly cleaned and then perfectly dried; the least wet will spoil the work. Have black, or red, or other coloured sealing wax, and pound it up pretty fine. Lay the plates absolutely level across the two supports, the letters up. Now fill the letters with the pounded wax, piling the wax up a bit, for as it melts it will sink in bulk. Next, with lighted paper moved about between the supports, under the letters, melt the wax. Be careful not to overheat the plate or to burn the wax in the least. When you have got it thoroughly melted into the letters leave it to cool, and when cold lay the plate flat on the table, and with smooth pumice stone and plenty of water and washing soda carefully wash off any surplus of wax, and bring the letters quite level; when that somewhat delicate part of the process is complete next rub with water of Ayrestone and pure water to completely smooth the work, and then proceed to polish the entire plate and letters with rottenstone and sweet oil, finishing with a clean soft rag.

"W. M." wants to know how to make venison hash. There are half a dozen methods. Here is one: Cut some meat from the cold haunch or neck of venison into thin slices, and lay them by. Into a stewpan put any of the bones and trimmings, with a little other stock which you may have, and if you wish it to be really good add half a pint of red wine. For seasoning or serving chop up very fine four shallots, and add four cloves and two spoonfuls of ketchup. Let these simmer very slowly for about an hour and a half, then strain. Now put a piece of butter rolled in flour into the stewpan, add the gravy as made above, with some pepper and salt, and allow it gradually to advance to a boil, then remove it from the fire, and when almost cold, put in the cut slices of venison; let it get quite hot through without actually boiling, and put it in a hot dish garnished with forcemeat balls or toast sippets, and serve with red currant jelly.

"Could you let me know how Indian ink is made, as I dye my hair with it dissolved in glycerine and water, which makes it quite black, but does not injure the skin or hair in any way?" writes "Josephine," who adds, "If you like to make use of this recipe the quantities I use for dissolving the Indian ink are three parts water to one part glycerine; apply the dye with a brush. I have tried lime and lard, but like my way best." I am very much obliged to my fair correspondent, and would advise "H. P.," "Charley," and "T. T. S." to try the recipe.

The Indian ink made in this country cannot come up to what is imported from China, where they take exceeding pains to produce the lampblack used in its manufacture. I shall, however, gladly give one of the several methods adopted for manufacturing the pigment in England. To make a deep black Indian ink, rub thoroughly together eight parts lampblack and four parts finely pulverised indigo in sixty-four parts water. Then boil the mixture until most of the water has evaporated. Next add five parts gum arabic, two parts glue, and one part extract of chicory. Boil the mixture again till it has thickened to a paste, then shape it in wooden moulds which have been rubbed with olive or almond oil. A small quantity of musk mixed with the paste will perfume the ink.

I am requested by "Martin M." and "An Interested Reader" to give a recipe for making cider. I am not, of course, entering upon the topic from the regular manufacturer's point of view, where cider is crushed in mills and cider presses, &c., would be needed, but am merely giving a few hints to show how cider may be made in small quantities by any householder possessed of a small orchard or a pretty large garden of apple trees. An excellent and economical beverage can be made with very small outlay. For implements, you would want for crushing the apples a tub stronger and thicker than usual; it ought to be some eighteen inches in diameter and well hooped with iron and for converting the apples into pulp in this tub you would need a heavy bruiser made of some hard wood, much like what you see in the streets used by the men battering down the pavement. A heavy Indian club, such as are used in pairs for athletic exercise, I have known to be utilised for the purpose. You can employ your common clothes press, if it is a pretty strong one, for pressing the pulp. The lower pressing board must be placed in a tin tray to catch the juice as it runs out, and here the juice must not be allowed to remain long, or it will corrode the metal, with ill effect to the cider. From the tin tray the juice should run down through a pipe into a vessel placed to receive it. The apples to be pressed must be placed in hair-cloth bags. Canvas bags are sometimes used, but hair cloth is best. These, with the casks, are all the apparatus you will need.

The apples my correspondents intend to make into cider may be in condition at this

moment, for aught I know, but, speaking generally, the apples should be picked from stalks, and laid in heaps some time in September to mellow. The shape should be about a foot or a foot and a half in thickness in the open air; it is best not to put the apples in a loft, as under cover they are apt to contract mustiness, which might flavour the cider. They are usually left to mellow for about three weeks, and need only to be protected from the weather in case of hard frosts. When sufficiently mellowed they should be put in the tub in a sufficient quantity to manage at a time. Rotten fruit must be rejected, and those partially decayed have the bad part cut out. Then pound them up into a pulp of such uniform consistence that the rinds and kernels can be scarcely distinguished from the general mass. As each set of apples is thoroughly "pommaged," or pulped under the wooden pestle, remove it to another tub, and crush up another lot of apples; all ought to be done in one day, and the next day press out the juice. Fill the pulp into the hair-cloth bag and press gradually, not using much force at first, but eventually increasing the force so as to get out all the juice possible. When all the pressed juice has flowed into the tub prepared for it, it should be passed through a common hair sieve and then into the fermenting cask.

The fermenting cask should have a hole bored in the head, which can be stopped with a bottle cork; through this hole pour the juice to be fermented. The cask should also be provided with a cock at the bottom to draw it off. The fermentation may be promoted by using some new yeast mixed with a little honey and flour warmed. Put this into a muslin bag, insert it through the hole in the head of the cask, and keep it suspended by a string, but on no account let it reach to the bottom of the cask. In warm weather the fermentation should be carried on in the shade about 60°, in cold weather the cask should be placed near the fire. Do not carry the fermentation too far, but only till the excessive sweetness of the apple is removed and given way to a vinous taste; five or six days is generally enough, sometimes less. When the liquor almost ceases to ferment, it must be drawn off, bunged and kept for draught, or after remaining two or three weeks the liquor may be bottled, when it will soon be ripe. Cider made in cold weather takes longer to clear, and sometimes requires to be fined.

Five correspondents wish for a good furniture polish or a polish reviver for different sorts of wood. I have room but for one, which will answer very well to brighten up and revive dull furniture. If the furniture wants to be cleaned, I should advise it being first rubbed well with a rag dipped in vinegar; when rubbed dry you may then apply the polish with a bit of woollen rag and rub bright as you go along, finishing off with a soft cloth. The polish is made with linseed oil half a pint, spirits of camphor one ounce, vinegar two ounces, butter of antimony half an ounce, spirits of hartshorn a quarter of an ounce. Mix all together.

A number of correspondents request me to say how tomato sauce for keeping may be made. Choose ripe tomatoes, and bake them in an oven till tender. Then pulp them through a sieve, and to every pound of the pulp allow one pint of chilli vinegar, one ounce each of garlic and shallots, half an ounce each of pepper and salt, horseradish to taste as much as you like. Boil all together until the ingredients are quite tender; then rub the mixture through a sieve, and to every pound add the juice of two lemons. Boil the whole again until it attains the consistency of good cream. When cold bottle, cork well, and cover the corks with wax or resin. This is an excellent keeping sauce when kept in a dry, cool place.

**SERIOUS ASSAULT ON A MILITARY OFFICER.**  
Charles Green, 51, a pensioner from the Royal Horse Artillery, living in St. Clement's-road, Notting Hill, was charged at the Westminster Police Court with violently assaulting Lieut. E. C. Thomas, the adjutant of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.—The officer, whose face was much swollen, deposed that on Tuesday afternoon the prisoner came to the asylum, and walking up to witness as he stood under the colonnade, made a complaint in very excited manner that his boy had been cruelly treated. Witness told him to see the commandant, but his reply was that they were all a lot of blackguards and scoundrels. A sergeant was called to remove the prisoner, and was about to do so, when he (the prisoner) dealt witness a terrific blow in the face with his umbrella, causing him to stagger.—Dr. De Rutzen: Did you see the umbrella afterwards?—Witness: Yes, sir, and the handle was broken from the effect of the blow.—Dr. Whipple, the brigade surgeon, said the prosecutor's lip had been cut right through, and had to be stitched up. The blow must have been given with great violence.—P.C. M'Kay 21 H.R., said that on taking the prisoner into custody he was kicked by him in the groin. Prisoner seemed to have been drinking, but he was not drunk.—The prisoner told the magistrate that he had no recollection of what took place. When he heard that his boy had been punished he took it to heart and got very excited. He had been seventeen years in India, where he suffered from sun-stroke.—The man's wife added that her husband was invalided home, and that he went very queer in his head at times. He was subject to periodical fits of violence.—Lieutenant Thomas said that as far as he was individually concerned he had no vindictive feeling against the man.—Mr. De Rutzen said that the public must be protected from a dangerous man like the prisoner, about whom some further inquiry must be made.—The commandant of the asylum desired to see that the prisoner created a disturbance at his quarters. There was no foundation for the allegation of cruelty. Prisoner's son was charged with ill-treating other boys, and was merely reduced from corporal to the ranks, a most lenient punishment.—The prisoner was remanded in custody.

**KILLED AT A SHOOTING SALOON.**  
Late the other night a boy named Thomas Martin, son of a miner, was accidentally shot in a saloon at the Townhead-street Shoot Ground, Hamilton, N.B. He was helping the proprietor to replace some balls that were being fired at, when a gun held by a man named Waugh went off, and the bullet lodged in the boy's head. He was removed to Glasgow Royal Infirmary, where he died the following morning. Waugh was detained for a short time by the police, but was liberated for the purpose. You can employ your common clothes press, if it is a pretty strong one, for pressing the pulp. The lower pressing board must be placed in a tin tray to catch the juice as it runs out, and here the juice must not be allowed to remain long, or it will corrode the metal, with ill effect to the cider. From the tin tray the juice should run down through a pipe into a vessel placed to receive it. The apples to be pressed must be placed in hair-cloth bags. Canvas bags are sometimes used, but hair cloth is best. These, with the casks, are all the apparatus you will need.

**SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.**  
In response to numerous requests from various representative bodies, Mr. George White, who has represented the Chelsea Division on the School Board for London for the last six years, and is chairman of the committee of the board on physical education, in which capacity he has done much towards making the work of the board practically useful, has decided to offer himself for re-election at the forthcoming School Board election at November 26th.

**A WEALTHY SHOEBLACK.**  
A shoeblack, who has just died at Brixton has left a sum of £700. He was an old and miserable-looking man, and had a "pitch" outside Brixton Station, and was always supposed to be in almost the last stage of debility. When not engaged polishing boots he generally passed his time in collecting refuse for food and fuel outside shops in the neighbourhood. It is said he leaves only one relative, who is at present in a workhouse.

**A COUNTRY WOMAN.**  
Let me turn for one short minute from the discord of the street  
To the music of the country, where the days are clear and sweet;  
Where no breath from soiling cities serves the freshness of the sod.  
And the hearts who look on nature scorn to doubt kind nature's God.

How can I describe that village, as I saw it long ago,  
With its old church pointing upwards, and its houses lying low;  
And upon its sunny outskirts one small cottage, mean and grey.  
Near where cows graze in the sunlight and the lamb first learn to play?

In that cottage lived a woman, pale and plain was she; just one Born to live and pass unnoticed from the world when life was done; But she did a deed of glory, though this earth denies her fame,  
Noblest deed of woman's mission, for she saved a soul from shame.

Just a mile from that old cottage, in his farm lived Farmer Jim, Handsome Jim, the maidens' idol, and the mothers smiled on him; Honest yeoman, brave and gentle, but the best part of his time He would spend in drinking deeply—twas the farmer's greatest crime.

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In warm weather the fermentation should be carried on in the shade about 60°, in cold weather the cask should be placed near the fire. Do not carry the fermentation too far, but only till the excessive sweetness of the apple is removed and given way to a vinous taste; five or six days is generally enough, sometimes less. When the liquor almost ceases to ferment, it must be drawn off, bunged and kept for draught, or after remaining two or three weeks the liquor may be bottled, when it will soon be ripe. Cider made in cold weather takes longer to clear, and sometimes requires to be fined.

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DEATH OF MR. PARNELL.  
FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

**THE BATE NED OUTRAGE.**  
Great excitement was caused on Wednesday by the announcement that Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell had died the previous night at his residence, 10, Walsingham-terrace, West Brighton. Mr. Parnell returned from Ireland on the previous Thursday, and was then suffering from a chill. On Friday he took to his bed, and he gradually became worse. On Sunday Dr. Jowers, a medical man residing in Brighton, was called in, and he found the patient suffering from acute rheumatism and in the greatest agony. Mr. Jowers, jun., also attended Mr. Parnell, and constant attention was paid to him by these gentlemen. He was also most carefully nursed by Mrs. THE LATE MR. C. S. PARNELL.  
Parnell; but, despite all efforts, Mr. Parnell gradually sank. It is believed that he suffered intense pain, and it is doubtful whether, for some hours before death, he was conscious and knew who were in attendance. No relatives or immediate friends besides Mrs. Parnell were present, so suddenly was the illness and the fatal result that followed. Mrs. Parnell was rendered prostrate by the sudden and serious blow which fell upon her.



## TAKING HIS CONSTITUTION.

It was a matter of notoriety that for many months past Mr. Parnell's health had been gradually but steadily declining, to such an extent that his friends, including many of his Parliamentary followers, became alarmed. They advised him to be more careful of himself when going about the country, and cautioned him about the great strain he was putting on himself. In this counsel and caution his medical advisers joined, but it was of no avail, and Mr. Parnell continued his arduous campaign, undergoing many privations, travelling to and from London by night and by day, as if he had the most robust constitution. The elections of North Kilkenny and North Sligo, particularly the latter, told severely on him. In Sligo he was often very much depressed. For the past month or six weeks, whenever he appeared on a public platform, he did so against the expressed wish of his medical advisers. At Cregga he complained of a peculiar pain in the region of the heart, a pain of such a character, he said, as he had never experienced before, and he left the impression on the minds of those with whom he was conversing that he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism of the heart. The day he addressed the Cregga meeting was cold and bleak, and the weather consequently must have had a very injurious effect. Mr. Parnell addressed the meeting with his head uncovered, and his speech was one of the longest, if not indeed the longest, which he has delivered during the present controversy. At the beginning of his speech Mr. Parnell addressed his audience with apparent difficulty, and he more than once asked to be excused if the people thought him wearisome. After a while, however, he warmed to his subject, and travelled over a wide field of interests of the struggle. The meeting had scarcely concluded when Mr. Parnell left Cregga and returned to Roscommon, where he remained until midnight, and left for Dublin by the night mail train, crossing to England the next day. During his journey home it is thought he caught a chill.

## THE MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.—A PUBLIC FUNERAL.

A meeting of some of the supporters of the late member for Cork was held on Thursday at 10, Walsingham-terrace, Brighton. There were present—Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Mr. J. Nolan, M.P., Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., Mr. J. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Pim, Mr. Parnell's solicitor. Dr. Jowers, jun., made a brief statement regarding the cause of death. He said that Mr. Parnell died from purely natural causes. The immediate cause of death was failure of the heart's action, consequent upon an attack of rheumatic fever, accompanied by an excessively high temperature. It was after this statement that the desirability of according to the deceased a public funeral was discussed by those present. It was unanimously agreed that the funeral ought to be a public one, and Mr. Pim conveyed a message to this effect to Mrs. Parnell, who reluctantly yielded on the point, her own wish being that the funeral should be private.

## THREATENED OUTRAGE.

The large central hall of the City Hall, Dublin, is being prepared for the lying-in-state. All Parnellite members in Dublin will meet the body at Holyhead. Mr. Timothy Healy and other McCarthys members have received communications threatening them with outrage if they attend the funeral, and it is therefore improbable that they will attend.

## POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

A post mortem examination, it is understood, was made on Thursday by Dr. Jowers, sen., assisted by his son and a third doctor, but it was decided at the last moment that it was not necessary to open the body. Dr. Jowers, sen., states that a more straightforward case, or one presenting fewer difficulties, either in the way of treatment or diagnosis, he had never met with. There was never the slightest suspicion in the matter, but in view of the doubts that had been expressed in some quarters it was deemed advisable to make an examination of the body before placing it in the shroud. The result of the examination was embodied in the remarks made by Dr. Jowers when he met the members of the Parnellite party at Walsingham-terrace. Dr. Jowers on Thursday signed the medical certificate of death.

## MR. PARNELL'S MARRIAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Parnell's wedded life was a very short one, but long enough to convince all who had anything to do with them that they were pre-eminently a happy couple. Whenever Mr. Parnell was able to remain in Brighton he was frequently observed walking with Mrs. Parnell by the sea or driving about the neighbourhood. There was one ceremony, too, in connection with their marriage which, had Mr. Parnell lived, would shortly have been performed—the religious as well as the civil rite. They were both most anxious that this should take place, and at the time that they were married at the Steyning registry office overtures were made to the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Arthur Pridgeon, to perform the sacred ceremony; but the reverend gentleman declined on the ground of the divorce proceedings, but expressed his willingness to comply with the Act of Parliament respecting the loan of the church for such a purpose, the only condition attached being that Mr. and Mrs. Parnell should find a clergyman. In fairness to Mr. Pridgeon it should be stated that before declining he wrote to the Bishop of Chichester in reference to the matter, and his lordship, it is said, absolutely forbade him to marry them, his lordship in his letter observing, "By the civil law he (Mr. Parnell) is married, and therefore remarriage is impossible." This refusal, however, did not turn Mr. and Mrs. Parnell from their nuptials. It

is understood they had secured the promise of the Rev. John Penfold, of St. James's Church, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, to perform the ceremony, and but for the absence of the Bishop of London from England this would have taken place. They were awaiting the return of his lordship in order to obtain the necessary license, and with this in their possession it had been arranged that it should take place at 8 in the morning. In a manner characteristic of the deceased, he had expressed to the registrar, Mr. Cripps, his desire that the event should not be known beforehand, but that after it had taken place it should be made known to the world. He had even gone so far as to ask Mr. Cripps how this could be managed, and it was eventually arranged that the only other person present besides those immediately concerned and the registrar should be a newspaper representative.

## A PREVIOUS LOVE AFFAIR.

A contributor to the *Telegraph* says:—I was told in Providence, Rhode Island, a few months ago that the lady lived there who gave Mr. Parnell to Ireland. During a visit he paid to the United States he met at Newport one of the beauties of the State of Rhode Island, fell in love with her, proposed, and, I believe, was, at least conditionally, accepted. However, there was another suitor, and marriages with foreigners were then hated by the doting American parents, or the lady was fickle. Whatever the cause, she married the other gentleman, and Mr. Parnell felt the blow acutely. The one instance I have ever heard of conscious self-revelation was when he said once to a colleague, "You know I was jilted." But the self-revelation stopped there. The thick veil of his habitual reticence fell immediately, and no more is known. Let me close this chapter by the final statement that the marriage of the "other one" has not been happy; she has been for some years separated from her husband.

## HOW MR. PARNELL'S MOTHER RECEIVED THE NEWS.

A New York telegram states that a press representative went to Bordentown on Wednesday afternoon to visit Mrs. Parnell, the mother of Mr. Parnell, and was the first to break to her the sad news of her son's death.

"What has befallen my son?" she said. "Is he ill? Has he been shot? Did he shoot himself?" Then the reporter told her the news received from London. "Oh my god, my good kind Charles, they have killed you. He was a good son to me. He never neglected me. Those stories were all lies, lies, lies. When they he refused to provide for me it was a slander, a foul slander. It is Michael Davitt, the Iron World, and politicians who have killed him."

I knew this trouble would be his death, and I think I could not be near him. For fifty years I have been trying to do something for the Irish, and my reward is the death of my son. They do not even let me know if he is dead, and I am obliged to learn it for the first time through a newspaper reporter. All I hope is that I may see his body, and that it will be embalmed and kept until I can get to England." Mrs. Parnell has received no despatch telling her of her son's death, and she feels deeply wounded at this neglect.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VIEWS.

Mr. Chamberlain was interviewed at Highbury as to the death of Mr. Parnell. "What effect is the death likely to have upon the political situation?" he was asked. "None whatever," he replied; "but this—the Parnellite party is dead. It dies, as the Boulanger faction may be said to have died in France, with its leader. Parnellism has existed during the past few months solely because of the strong individuality of Mr. Parnell. It is about certain that he would have been easily defeated at the general election. The priests were against him, and they hold, I fear, the ruling power of Ireland. If Mr. Parnell ever possessed a chance of restoring himself to the leadership of a united Irish party, it lay in the future, after the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. After the next general election and the rejection of Home Rule by the country, Mr. Parnell brought in a sweeping Land Bill, which was thrown out. Not long afterwards the political world was electrified by the accusations made against him in the *Times*' articles upon 'Parnellism and Crime.' These accusations culminated with the appearance of the facsimile letter alleged to be signed by Mr. Parnell, expressing his approval of the murder of Mr. Burke. Mr. Parnell's

## INDIGNANT REPUDIATION

of the letter in the House, the Parnellite demand for a committee, the offer of the State prosecution at the public expense, are all matters of the history of yesterday. In the end the special commission was appointed, and its judgment upon Mr. Parnell and his friends is still fresh in public remembrance. Those were exciting times; and since the commission closed there have been but two striking events in the life of Mr. Parnell—his recovery of £5,000 damages for libel from the *Times*, and his appearance in the Divorce Court last November as co-respondent in the case of O'Shea v. O'Shea and Parnell, and the resultant split in the Irish party.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Times* says:—When philosophical investigation becomes more easy than it is at present and the historian has access to information at present jealously concealed, it will probably be found that Mr. Parnell's career had nearly reached its natural term when the publication of an open secret brought it to an abrupt close.

Formidable competitors for the control of the Irish masses had first been thrust aside by his success, and then had learned to consolidate their power under the political and social conditions he established.

There was a singular absence of spontaneity and an equally notable suggestion of cool calculation in the outbreak of tardy indignation which followed the proceedings in the Divorce Court, pointing to the operation of other causes and motives than those avowed.

The dominant factor in the case was, in point of fact, the gradual but complete capture of the Nationalist movement by the Irish priesthood. Without that power behind the uncrowned king, Mr. Gladstone's threat that his party would no longer work with Mr. Parnell would have been too idle to be issued by so wary a combatant.

The *Standard* gives the following forecast of the result of Mr. Parnell's death:—At first sight it might appear as though the Opposition and the cause of a separate Parliament for Ireland would be greatly benefited by Mr. Parnell's disappearance. But the lapse of a very brief time will almost to a certainty show this assumption to be strikingly incorrect. So long as there were Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites in Ireland, the Anti-Parnellites were forced, in self-defence, to maintain the appearance of united councils and perfect unity among themselves. But the death of the leader with whom they had quarrelled removes this restraining motive, and we shall before long see fresh differences among them. The *Daily Telegraph* remarks that the whole conditions of the struggle to which the dead man devoted his life will be altered, if not transformed, by his disappearance. There will be a re-arrangement of parties, a reconsideration of strategical plans, perhaps even a revision of policies.

One thing, however, is certain—that the situation and the prospect in Irish affairs which Charles Parnell leaves behind him will no longer be the same as during his presence and his activity, and depressed as were his recent fortunes, there could be no stronger testimony to the power of his personality than this.

The *Daily News* holds that no one can

contemplate the career of Mr. Parnell without admiration and without regret. So great an elevation and so great a fall must touch every feeling heart.

We can only hope that with the death of Mr. Parnell may pass away the spirit of discord in Ireland. Those who battled for him were battling out of mistaken devotion to man, and not to a principle or a cause.

The man is gone, but the principle and the cause remain. Those who were to the latest

followers cannot do better than to think of him as he was at his meridian, and not as he was at his eclipse. Such a thought will tell them what their national duty is now.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Charles Stewart Parnell, who has for the last ten years or more filled so prominent a position in Irish politics, was born at Avondale, the home of his family in County Wicklow, in 1846, and has only reached his fortieth year. He was the second son of the late Mr. John Henry Parnell, of Avondale, by his marriage with Della Tudor, only daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy, and was the great-nephew of the first Lord Congleton. He was educated privately in England, and afterwards went to Magdalene College, Cambridge. He succeeded to the paternal inheritance as long ago as 1859, and in 1874 was high sheriff of the county of Wicklow. It was in that year that he made his

FIRST ATTEMPT TO ENTER PARLIAMENT

by contesting the county of Dublin against the late Colonial Taylor, when the latter was

MANCHESTER ELECTION.  
RESULT OF THE POLL.

made Chancellor of the Duchy in Lord Beaconsfield's second administration. He was beaten by a very large majority; but in 1875 he was returned for county Meath. He had been in Parliament a year before he attracted much attention. In 1877 he introduced the Irish Church Act Amendment Bill, which was designed to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by the tennants of the disestablished Irish Church; but the bill was rejected by 150 to 110 votes. He was first connected with

## OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS

by which he sought to obtain precedence for the question of Home Rule in the discussions upon Mr. Cross's Prisons Bill and the Mutiny Bill. His obstruction, indeed, became so bad that at last Sir Stafford Northcote moved his suspension, but the motion was abandoned. Mr. Butt, who was then the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, lost no opportunity of condemning Mr. Parnell's action; but in 1878 the younger man was elected to the presidency of the Home Rule Convention, and from that day forward until the split of last November was

## THE UNDISPUTED LEADER

of the Home Rule party. In the autumn of 1879 the Irish National League was founded, with Mr. Parnell as president, and at the close of the year he went to America to collect funds for the movement, and was allowed to address the House of Representatives. At the dissolution of 1880 he returned home, and was elected for Meath, Mayo, and the city of Cork, for the latter of which he has ever since sat. During that year he buried him-

## ORGANISATION OF THE LAND LEAGUE

, and in December, 1880, he was arrested and tried for sedition in Dublin, with several other members of the executive of the Land League; but after a trial lasting nineteen days the jury disagreed. In 1881 he, with his followers, stubbornly opposed the Coercion Bill and the Arms Bill. This opposition lasted for seven weeks, and at last became so unscrupulous and tumultuous that he and thirty-four of his followers were removed by the sergeant-at-arms for

## OBSTRUCTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the 13th of October in the same year he was re-arrested (by Mr. Gladstone) and confined in Kilmainham Gaol, the Land League being at the same time proclaimed. Mr. Parnell's reply was the famous "No Rent" manifesto. On April 10th, 1882, he was released on parole to attend the funeral of a relation, and in pursuance of the secret "Kilmainham Treaty" he was finally liberated on the following 2nd of May. After the resignations of Mr. Forster and Lord Cowper he came the

## ASSASSINATIONS IN PHENIX PARK.

In 1883 a subscription was started on Mr. Parnell's behalf, and a large sum, said to be £35,000, was raised here and in America and presented to him. His next notable act was to revive the Land League under the name of the National League. What

may be termed the modern position of the Home Rule question came about in 1885, when Mr. Parnell came back from the general election with eighty-five followers, and with the balance of Parliamentary power in his hand. Then it was that

Sir J. Ferguson (C.) ..... 4,058  
Mr. C. P. Scott (G.) ..... 3,908MANCHESTER ELECTION.  
RESULT OF THE POLL.

The polling for the vacancy caused by Sir James Ferguson's acceptance of the Postmaster-Generalship opened in beautiful weather on Thursday morning. Owing to the number of recent removals both sides needed a large supply of vehicles for the conveyance of voters, but the Conservatives in this respect had much the advantage of the supporters of Mr. C. P. Scott (G.), who opposed Sir James's re-election. At the twenty-three polling stations voting opened quietly, and it continued so during the greater part of the morning. Even after the first forty minutes there was a notable falling off, but the agents of each candidate did not relax their efforts. All available hoardings were covered with the placards of the two parties. Perhaps the most striking was one of Sir James Ferguson in football costume, running in. Underneath were the words "Play up, Newton Heath." That great interest was being taken in the election was evidenced by the immense number of blue, red, and green favours worn on every hand. Both candidates continued to drive through the constituency during the day. During the morning the weather became very fine, and voters came up rapidly. Much amusement was caused in all directions by the energy of the rival billposters in posting up fresh placards containing charges and counter-charges as to the attitude of Mr. Scott of the Ship Canal question, a special feature being made of that gentleman's reply given to a deputation of working men. On another placard from the same source Sir Henry Roseau is accused of introducing a bill for muzzling dogs. The temporary poll issued a final appeal in favour of Mr. Scott, and in reply to this the Conservatives accuse Mr. Scott of wishing to prevent working men from getting fresh drawn beer on Sunday. There was the usual rush directly the dinner hour commenced, but in the New Cross district, where 90 per cent. of the electors belong to the working class, the majority polled late. At 3 o'clock it was estimated that about half the constituency had polled. The railway men went to the poll in a body between 1 and 2, the great majority going for Sir James Ferguson. Most of the railway employees live at Newton Heath, which is a Conservative stronghold. Sir James Ferguson left Manchester immediately after the declaration of the poll for Scotland, to record his vote in the Buteshire election. The poll closed at 8 o'clock, and the ballot boxes were without delay taken to the Town Hall, where a staff of between thirty and forty counters awaited them. The result was declared shortly before 10 o'clock as follows:

## Majority ..... 150

The figures at the last two elections were:—

1886. Sir J. Ferguson (C.) 3,680 Sir J. Ferguson (C.) 4,341  
Mr. C. P. Scott (G.) 3,533 Mr. Blennerhasset (L.) 2,993

## Majority ..... 327 Majority ..... 1,448

The counting up of the votes took place in the town hall, and the result was received with loud cheering: the mere mention of Sir James Ferguson's name being received with wild enthusiasm by the crowd outside before the mayor had time to announce the figures from the balcony.

Sir James Ferguson, in moving a vote of thanks to the mayor as returning officer, said:—"May I be allowed to say that probably never has there been a contest in which party feeling was enlisted to so great an extent, and in which there has been so much forbearance, mutual consideration, and good feeling shown? I am deeply sensible of the kindness of my opponent, and all who supported him, towards myself, and I hope that he has not had to complain of any want of a similar disposition on my part. But if anything has happened which has in any degree hurt his feelings, I trust that he will excuse it on the ground of the strong feelings that naturally exist on such occasions."

Mr. Scott, in seconding the vote of thanks, said:—"We, of course, know that it is not possible for both sides to be victorious, and we shall accept our defeat with becoming fortitude. There have been certain amenities in the contest which we shall now forget. No bones have been broken, and I trust we as good friends as we were at the commencement."—The cheers and counter-cheers were kept up for some five minutes after the declaration, when Mr. Scott entered his carriage and drove off amid a storm of hooting and groaning to the Reform Club. The newly-elected member followed after a short interval, and proceeded to the Conservative Club, where he received a warm welcome. Addressing the crowd from a window, he said:—"We have had a hard fight. We have fought with good temper, and I hope that victory on one side, and defeat on the other, may be accepted also with good humour. I believe that the conduct of the election has been honourable to both parties. I have to thank my opponent and all his friends for their kind and generous treatment, and I hope that we have behaved equally fairly to them. I am proud again to be one of the members for Manchester, and I will serve you to the best of my ability. I hope that our opponents will feel no bitterness, and that when we come to fight again we shall fight as honourably as we have done on this occasion." The crowd remained outside the two clubs cheering, and for some time great excitement prevailed in the streets.

## SIR W. HARcourt ON THE RESULT.

Sir William Harcourt, speaking at a luncheon at the Glasgow Liberal Club on Friday afternoon, said that they had been defeated at Manchester. Their opponents exulted in having, he minority reduced by half. If they were half defeated, it was at least a satisfaction to Liberals that they were getting on. Sometimes the wave was smaller, but the direction of the tide was always the same. But the death of the leader with whom they had quarrelled removes this restraining motive, and we shall before long see fresh differences among them. The *Daily Telegraph* remarks that the whole conditions of the struggle to which the dead man devoted his



## DEATH OF SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, M.P. for North Kilkenny, died at his residence, Rosstellan Castle, near Queenstown, early on Wednesday morning. He had been in precarious health for some time, but no apprehensions were felt by his immediate friends on that account. The immediate cause of death was failure of the heart's action. Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., knight of Malta, was the son of Mr. John Hennessy, of Ballyhennessy, County Kerry. He was born in Cork in 1834, educated at Queen's College, Cork, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1861. He entered the House of Commons as member for the King's county in 1859. Mr. Hennessy was the first Catholic Conservative in Parliament. He opposed the Government system of education in Ireland, on the ground that the so-called national system was anti-national. He voted for church rates, and in favour of the Church of England in England, and supported concurrent endowment in Ireland, by which the Irish ecclesiastical party founded before the reformation would be restored to the Catholic Church, and some ancient abbeys in Ireland revived. He criticised the conduct of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone in their attacks on the Pope, and supported the independence of the sovereign Pontiff. When, in 1867, he was appointed governor of Labuan, politicians at home were pleased to believe of a man who was considered to be too full of rotteness to easily get along with. From Labuan Sir John went to the West African settlements (1872), the Isthmann (1873) in the Windward Islands (1875), Hong Kong (1877), and to Mauritius (1883). On more than one occasion his conduct as governor provoked remonstrances.

## THE GENERAL COMPLAINT.

being that he showed favouritism in his dealing with the natives. The latest instance was his disagreement with Mr. Clifford Lloyd, which led to questions in Parliament, and the despatch of Sir Hercules Robinson to Mauritius to investigate the quarrel. Sir John was relieved of his post and came home. After a full investigation of his case by the colonial secretary, he was sent back to Mauritius as governor and Mr. Clifford Lloyd left the island. At the expiration of his term of office he returned to London, and although still a member of the Carlton Club and professing to be a Conservative, he was chosen by Mr. Parnell as Nationalist candidate for North Kilkenny. Before the election time arrived the split in the Irish party took place, and Sir John, siding against Mr. Parnell, was opposed by Mr. Vincent Scully at the poll. Sir John was victorious by a large majority. He at this time resigned his membership of the Carlton Club, and the deceased was a member of the Carlton. During the past session little was seen of him in the Commons. For some time his health had not been good. Sir John was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and George in April, 1880. He published, in 1883, a volume on "Eagle in Ireland, with His Letters on Irish Affairs, and Some Contemporary Documents." The fine old house at Youghal granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Eagle belonged to Sir John.

## MOBBING A VICAR.

Some extraordinary scenes took place on Monday afternoon at St. Martin's Church, Haverstock Hill. The vicar, the Rev. J. G. Medland, had arranged to marry a young couple at the appointed time the bridal party arrived, but for some unexplained reason no clergyman was to be found. The vicarage is immediately opposite the church, but application there failed to find the vicar. After waiting for upwards of an hour, the friends of the bridegroom went to the parsonage belonging to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mansfield-road, and asked the Rev. Charles Mackeson to perform the ceremony. That gentleman replied that he would consent to do so if Mrs. Medland, the wife of the vicar of St. Martin's wished. Mr. Mackeson then entered the carriage which had been brought for him and drove off to St. Martin's, where by this time several hundred people had assembled. Upon his arrival, however, it was ascertained that the vicar had entered the church. Mr. Mackeson, who is very popular in the neighbourhood, was greeted with loud cheers, and thereupon returned home. Meanwhile the ceremony proceeded. The church was partially filled with a noisy mob, who made irrelevant remarks, and audibly passed scathing criticisms on the action of the vicar. After the ceremony, as the vicar was leaving the church, he was surrounded by the mob, who hissed and hooted him. As he walked across the road to the vicarage a number of women and children rushed upon him, but he escaped through a gate into his own grounds. The mob then pelted him with stones and sticks and other missiles, continuing their annoyance at the vicar for a long time.

## SINGULAR SHOOTING CASE.

At Martley, near Worcester, an inquest was held on the body of Maurice Day, of Worcester, son of the late Rev. Maurice Day, who was shot whilst pheasant shooting on the estate of his brother-in-law, Mr. Nash. Mr. W. Pidcock, solicitor, Worcester, said he and the deceased were together—the deceased a little in front. There was a shot, and he went up and found the deceased on the ground. He went for assistance, and said the deceased had shot himself. There were footmarks on a bank, where, it was alleged, the deceased had slipped. Witness gave evidence to the effect that experiments had been made with the deceased's gun, and from the results, and from other circumstances, they considered the deceased did not shoot himself. The imprints on the bank showed no nail marks, whereas the deceased had nails in his boots. The jury found that the deceased was accidentally shot, but they were of opinion that his own gun did not cause the wounds.—Mr. Pidcock said if he had known such evidence was to be given he would have had legal assistance. The deceased was a student at Cambridge.

## TOOTHACHE AND DEATH.

Mr. C. C. Lewis, coroner for West Essex, held an inquiry at Walthamstow Cemetery respecting the death of Eustace Frederick Bright, age 25, physician, lately practising at Bournemouth, who was found dead in a lavatory at the St. James's-street Station of the Great Eastern Railway on the 2nd inst.—Evidence was given to the effect that Dr. Bright had been much troubled with toothache for some months past, and that several weeks ago, in attempting to relieve the pain, he took an overdose of cocaine. He left London the other morning for the purpose of paying a visit to Stamford Hill, and his body was subsequently discovered with some phials containing morphine and cocaine beside it.—A friend, at whose house he was staying in London, said that when he started for Stamford Hill he was in the highest spirits and talked cheerfully about his professional prospects.—The jury found that death was due to an overdose of cocaine, taken inadvertently for the purpose of relieving pain.

Three publicans were summoned to the North London Police Court for diluting beer with water. In one case a fine of £10 was imposed, and in each of the others a fine of £1.

Advices received from the provinces of Manitoba by the Canadian Department of Agriculture announce a continued and large influx into that province of settlers from the bordering American State of Dakota.

"How we Happy, THOU MARRIED"—Do not speak of your husband's digestion and temper by using cheap language when you are talking about him, which is really injurious to his health and to your own."

—*Advice received from the provinces of Manitoba by the Canadian Department of Agriculture*

## ROMANTIC SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY.

At the Mansion House Police Court, Charles Wilbraham Perryman, of 93, Queen-street, Cheshire, proprietor of the Financial Observer, was summoned by Mr. Anthony Brook, solicitor, of 20, St. Helen's-place, for publishing a defamatory libel.—On the case being called on, Mr. Cook, Q.C., who defended, made an application that the summons should stand over, pending an appeal from the decision of a judge in chambers respecting the granting of the writ for the prosecution. It appeared that Mr. Justice Jeune had taken a view of the construction of a section respecting the issue of a writ in libel proceedings which differed from the views held by other judges.—After some argument the case was adjourned.—In a second case Mr. Perryman was summoned by Mr. Samuel Banner, for that, being entrusted as a bailee with twelve preference shares of the Royal Bedford Brewery, on the 28th August last, he converted them to his own use. Complainant said that he was a potman at the Union Hotel, Barnsley. In consequence of an advertisement in the Financial Observer he wrote to Mr. Perryman respecting twelve preference shares of the Royal Bedford Brewery Company. After correspondence he forwarded his shares to the defendant, and they were sold, the defendant informing him by post that the money would be forwarded on September 16th. He did not, however, receive the money. On September 19th the witness received a letter which contained a hope that a banker's draft would be forwarded on the Monday following, and expressing regret for delay. On October 1st he came to London, and in company with his solicitor called at the office. He did not see Mr. Perryman. The next day he swore his information.—Defendant was committed for trial, bail being accepted.

THE RAMPING TRICK.

CHARGE OF CHEATING BETTING MEN.

At the Marylebone Police Court, James Gorman, 24, clerk; Albert Gorman, 23, painter, and Richard Price, 24, painter, were charged with conspiring together to cheat and defraud Frederick Wack, a commission agent, of 53, Camden-road, Camden Town, of the sum of £3 10s. They were further charged with attempting to steal the money by means of a trick. A third charge against the prisoners was for demanding money by menaces.—Mr. Fred Palmer, who prosecuted, said that the trick charged against the prisoners was technically known in sporting circles as "ramping." "Ramping" had been extensively practised during the past season on bookmakers, and one bookmaker had had his arm broken and another his leg broken.—The prosecutor gave evidence that he was near Euston Station on Friday afternoon, when the prisoner James Gorman crossed the road and gave him a paper with particulars for backing two horses. On the paper was written, "3.30, Sherborne, 20s. win. 4.30, Jewitt's selected." The figure "4" now appeared on the paper as "1".

FADING INK.

The fact was that the figures were written in such a way that a portion of the "4" fades away some hours after being written, leaving a figure as "1" instead of "4". At the time the prisoner gave him the paper the 1.30 race had been run over an hour, and the horse named on the paper had won the race. These facts he found out when he went into his accounts in the evening, and he then communicated with Det.-insp. Banister, S Division. The horse Sherborne did not run in the 3.30 race. On Saturday afternoon the prisoner James Gorman met him in Drury-lane, and said that he wanted a bit of money of him. The prosecutor told him he would not get anything out of him. The paper he (prisoner) had given him was

THE OLD TRICK.

of working after the race had been run. Had the figures on the paper been the same on Friday as they then (on Saturday) appeared, he (prosecutor) would not have accepted it. It was not likely he should have taken a bet at half-past 2 o'clock for a race run at half-past 1 o'clock. The other prisoners then came up, and Albert Gorman said, "What's?" James said, "He won't part." Prosecutor replied, "Not likely; it's the old game, and I'm not going to stand it." All the prisoners then said with an oath, "We mean having it." Price used a foul and threatening expression, and the others said, "Well have it."

GRAND HALL, BATTERSEA.

Mr. Grain appeared on behalf of

## THE SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST MR. PERRYMAN.

At the Mansion House Police Court, Charles Wilbraham Perryman, of 93, Queen-street, Cheshire, proprietor of the Financial Observer, was summoned by Mr. Anthony Brook, solicitor, of 20, St. Helen's-place, for publishing a defamatory libel.—On the case being called on, Mr. Cook, Q.C., who defended, made an application that the summons should stand over, pending an appeal from the decision of a judge in chambers respecting the granting of the writ for the prosecution. It appeared that Mr. Justice Jeune had taken a view of the construction of a section respecting the issue of a writ in libel proceedings which differed from the views held by other judges.—After some argument the case was adjourned.—In a moment a platerlayer in the distance waved his hand frantically at him, and looking back, the huntsman was horrified to see the express from Melton to Harborough dashing round a curve at full speed on to himself and the pack. With a wave of the arm and a screaming "Tally-ho!" he had just time to spring aside and get the hounds clear, though not before a valuable bitch named Trellis had been cut to pieces. The escape of the huntsman was marvellous, and, had he not providentially been some delay in unlocking the gates, an appalling disaster must have overtaken some of the field, who, owing to the heavy rain, were oblivious of the approach of the express until it was virtually upon them.

THE CRYSTAL AND ALBERT PALACES.

The Crystal Palace license was granted without opposition.—Mr. Bookin applied for the renewal of the licence of the Albert Palace at Battersea under the same conditions as last year. He explained that the license was granted to the palace on the previous sitting on conditions that no dancing should take place unless structural alterations were made. It was now proposed to apply for the transfer of the liquor licence from Mr. Hindmarch to some other person, who would be prepared to make the alterations if the committee thought they were necessary.—The license was granted.

THE PECKHAM THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

Application was made for a license for the Peckham Theatre of Varieties on behalf of

## NARROW ESCAPE OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS.

The Cottesmore hounds were within an ace of being cut to pieces on Tuesday. They had run a cub from Lodgington Red Ditch down to the railway, and had checked on the metals. The gates were locked. Gillison got off his horse and went down the embankment to them. In a moment a platerlayer in the distance waved his hand frantically at him, and looking back, the huntsman was horrified to see the express from Melton to Harborough dashing round a curve at full speed on to himself and the pack. With a wave of the arm and a screaming "Tally-ho!" he had just time to spring aside and get the hounds clear, though not before a valuable bitch named Trellis had been cut to pieces. The escape of the huntsman was marvellous, and, had he not providentially been some delay in unlocking the gates, an appalling disaster must have overtaken some of the field, who, owing to the heavy rain, were oblivious of the approach of the express until it was virtually upon them.

MUSIC AND DANCING LICENSES.

The London County Council Licensing Committee sat again at the Sessions House, Newington, on Wednesday, to consider applications for music and dancing licences for places south of the Thames. Mr. Fardell, chairman of the committee, presided.

MR. BURNIE DEFENDED.

The prosecuter, who is a miner, residing in Glasgow, was at King's Cross on the night of the 14th of September, where he met the two prisoners, with whom he went to two or three public houses. It was alleged that when in a court in Seymour-street the prisoners robbed him. They were taken into custody two days afterwards by Det. Collins, and after first denying that he had ever seen the prosecuter, admitted having left him in a public-house.—The prisoners were acquitted.

A NEW JUDGE.

The Exchange Telegraph Company learned

## A SCOTCHMAN AND HIS MONEY.

At the London County Sessions, Kate Jackson, 27, and Caroline Bennett, 25, were indicted for having stolen eighteen £5 Banknotes of England notes and 29 10s. in money from the person of James White. Mr. Sands prosecuted.—Mr. Burnie defended.—The prosecuter, who is a miner, residing in Glasgow, was at King's Cross on the night of the 14th of September, where he met the two prisoners, with whom he went to two or three public houses. It was alleged that when in a court in Seymour-street the prisoners robbed him. They were taken into custody two days afterwards by Det. Collins, and after first denying that he had ever seen the prosecuter, admitted having left him in a public-house.—The prisoners were acquitted.

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At the London County Sessions, James Gorman, 24, clerk; Albert Gorman, 23, painter, and Richard Price, 24, painter, were charged with conspiring together to cheat and defraud Frederick Wack, a commission agent, of 53, Camden-road, Camden Town, of the sum of £3 10s. They were further charged with attempting to steal the money by means of a trick. A third charge against the prisoners was for demanding money by menaces.—Mr. Fred Palmer, who prosecuted, said that the trick charged against the prisoners was technically known in sporting circles as "ramping." "Ramping" had been extensively practised during the past season on bookmakers, and one bookmaker had had his arm broken and another his leg broken.—The prosecutor gave evidence that he was near Euston Station on Friday afternoon, when the prisoner James Gorman crossed the road and gave him a paper with particulars for backing two horses. On the paper was written, "3.30, Sherborne, 20s. win. 4.30, Jewitt's selected." The figure "4" now appeared on the paper as "1".

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## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

There were ten suicides in the metropolis last week.

There are 400 permanent police detectives in London.

There were 2,367 births and 1,373 deaths in the metropolis last week.

Buda-Pesth has now 494,000 inhabitants, an increase of 37·19 per cent. in ten years.

Last week, in London, 171 deaths were referred to diseases of the respiratory organs.

Constitution Hill has been closed to carriage traffic whilst the roadway is under repair.

Bees stung a horse to death near Celine, in Ohio.

Tuesday was Prince Henry of Battenberg's 23rd birthday.

Consumption of beer is on the increase all over France, especially in Paris.

Italy has gone in for military dove-cotes, and she has fifteen of them, each with about 1,000 birds.

Mr. Gladstone dislikes small rooms, and his own library is one of the largest apartments in the house.

There have been in all 25,472,951 visitors to the South Kensington Museum since its opening.

No fewer than fifty-two deaths in London last week were attributable to accident or negligence.

On the return of the Primrose League being made up a few days since, it was found that the members numbered 1,033,657.

Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone first met in Wordsworth's rooms at Oxford as fellow-pupils.

Hockey is said to be a favourite game now at Newnham, and highly approved by Miss Clough, the principal.

The Rev. A. B. Camm, Unitarian minister, of Blackpool, was killed by a Midland express in the Peak Forest Tunnel.

The wealth of New South Wales is estimated at £556,700,000; the private wealth being equal to £363 per head of population.

We had thought that the influenza had disappeared from the metropolis. However, last week six deaths were attributed to it.

A new twenty-mark piece, with a bearded representation of the German Emperor, has just been issued. Of course, the new coin is much sought after.

The Registrar-general reports that two deaths in London last week were due to the effect of anaesthetics administered for operations.

During the angling season on Loch Leven, which has just closed, 600 pike were taken, and 16,043 trout, which weighed 12,833 pounds.

The lady students of Denmark have decided to wear a student's cap, consisting of a little round black hat with a black ribbon band and the University badge.

Cardinal Manning, when at Harrow, was a good cricketer, and played in three matches against Eton. He was also clever at wood-carving and boat-building.

On the Morven moors, in Aberdeenshire, 1,610 brace of grouse have been shot this season, besides hares, black game, partridge, pheasant, and wild duck. Morven extends to 10,000 acres.

There were 13 deaths from measles in the metropolis last week, 13 from scarlet fever, 32 from diphtheria, 24 from whooping cough, 16 from enteric fever, and 67 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

The total Indian net opium revenue in 1867-68 was approximately 74,93,983 rupees, and in 1880-90 it was 79,08,822 rupees, the highest revenue derived being in 1880-81, when it amounted to 92,62,336 rupees.

M. Henri Hochefort declares that he will "never accept the amnesty which some of those who, with no valid reason, handed him over to the high court are in a hypocritical manner asking for him."

While a number of men were engaged in the Earl of Westmorland's stone quarries at Weldon, near Kettering, a fall of roof occurred. A man named Cole, a native of Cosham, Wilts, was killed, and another man was very seriously injured.

In certain portions of Germany the telephone is introduced by tobacconists as an additional attraction to customers. Any one who buys a cigar may, if he desires, speak over the tobacconist's instrument to a subscriber to the telephone service.

As another step in the direction of Imperial Federation, Mr. Faithfull Levy, the Conservative candidate for Kensington, is anxious to prevent the duplication of the lions of England upon our banners and our coins, and to give one quarter of the shield to the colonies and India.

In Peru and Chile the alpacas congregate on the borders of perpetual snow, and place a sentinel on some lofty pinnacle, who gives notice of the approach of danger by snorting loudly to alarm the flock over which he is keeping guard.

During a dance for at Chatham on Sunday morning, a pretty officer of her Majesty's ship "Blenheim," named Thomas, fell into the dry dock and was killed. It was supposed that he walked off the crane staging. He fell a distance of 30ft. and bounded a considerable distance towards the centre of the dock. Death appears to have been instantaneous, as, besides other injuries, the skull was crushed.

There is loud lamentation among the ladies of Paris who want new gowns. All the leading modistes have been pressed into the service of the Russian Court ladies and aristocracy, who are plunged into three months' mourning by the death of the Grand Duchess Paul. No fewer than 204 dresses were ordered from one dressmaker alone, among them being those of the Czarina and her daughter.

The recent census of Hungary shows a remarkable development of the population, especially as contrasted with that of the previous ten years, and with that of Austria. During the decade Hungary had an increase of close on 11 per cent. to 17,335,929 against only 11 increase shown by the former census. In the region between the Danube and the Theiss the growth was close on 13 per cent.; in Fiume it was alone 38 per cent.

A prisoner, named Edward Lighthorn, aged 52, has committed suicide in a police cell at Accrington. He had been arrested for assaulting his wife, and during the absence of the police tied a scarf round a ledge on the cell door and strangled himself. The ledge is only a few feet high, and Lighthorn had to crouch down to accomplish his purpose. He was alive when found by the police, but died shortly afterwards.

They have a new gambling game at Ostend. A basket of the freshest oysters possible is brought in, and an oyster is carefully laid on the cup side before each player, who must not touch it, but sits at some distance in front of the bivalve, with the stakes at the other side of the plate. The oyster that first yawns sweeps the stakes. A game played at Ostend by a dozen gamblers lasted three hours. The excitement of the lookers-on was intense. They gathered behind the players, and fixed their eyes on the bivalves. Betting grew fast and furious, though there was really no cause why money should be staked on one oyster more than another. At last a fat

man's Association is badly named, why not call it the Fat Men's Corporation?

Everything is free when it is given away except, perhaps, a bride.

If Balzac is alive he can now see himself others see him.

Passing round the hat is not a bad way of getting the cents of a meeting.

Owing to the temple rumpus the Democrats have re-named McKinley. His McKinley now.

Germany now possesses seventy-three pigeon-fancying societies, with 32,240 carrier pigeons ready for military mobilisation.

Edward Slavin, a child of 4, died in Camden, in the United States, from the effects of drinking about a pint of whisky.

The Ordnance Bureau of the United States Navy has, it is stated, procured the most rapid of rapid firing guns in the world.

Life in Europe in these times of war is compared by an American writer to a picnic in the crater of an uncertain volcano.

The largest farm in the world is said to be in Louisiana. It is 100 by 55 miles, and embraces 1,000,000 acres. It cost 50,000 dollars to fence it.

A child residing at Burlington, in Vermont, died a few days ago from inflammation, caused, so physicians say, from having swallowed a small piece of brown yarn.

The Duke of Connaught has accorded his patronage to the fete to be held at the Westminster Aquarium on November 3rd, in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home.

One of the carrier pigeons which reached

Paris on the 21st January, 1871—a few days previous to the armistice—carried nearly 40,000 despatches.

One of the West-end photographers advertises "misfit photographs" for sale. They are pictures of persons who omitted to "look pleasant."

"The announcement," say the Boston Herald, "that Grace succeeds Flint in Chili inspires the hope that Mercy and Peace will follow after."

One of the big will suits proceedings in America just now reveals the fact that a Mrs. Hopkins proposed to Mr. Seales in 1883. And yet 1883 wasn't a leap year.

Talio D'Apery, of New York, who is a full-blown editor at the age of 14 years, is reported to be seriously ill. Perhaps he tried to smoke and drink like the other editors.

The cutting of the first sod of the Caledonian Dumfriesshire line took place at Merrylee Hill, near Glasgow, on Tuesday. Mr. Fleming, of Kilmarnock, performed the ceremony.

In his letter to Mr. C. P. Scott, Mr. Gladstone says: "It is not for me to instruct the constituencies of the country." For the G.O.M. this is number-nine modesty, indeed.

At Calstock, Cornwall, the other evening, a youth named George Northcote, a resident in the neighbourhood, was drowned whilst attempting to rescue a blind man who had fallen into the water.

At the half-yearly meeting of the East London Waterworks Company, Mr. Banbury, the chairman, expressed his belief that the late Parliamentary inquiry had demolished the fiction of a competing supply. The companies did not fear further investigation, nor did they object to control, but they wished it to be Government control, and not that of vestries, councils, or municipalities.

Four artists engaged at the water carnival which commenced at Tudor's Circus, Durham, on Monday night, went for a row on the River Wear on Sunday, when the boat capsized.

Charles Kingsley, who was born there, is to be buried in the Windham county hills. They are Mr. and Mrs. C. Fennell. He is 14 years and 7 months old, and she is 15 years and 4 months.

Dr. Hale Dillon, who has just passed the Alabama State Board of Medical Examiners, is the second woman that has ever practised in Alabama. She is coloured, and is to teach hygiene and anatomy in the medical college at Tuskegee.

The inhabitants of Holme, in Devon, have certainly not been hasty in raising a memorial to Charles Kingsley, who was born there.

They are now arranging to place a stained glass window in the parish church in memory of him.

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